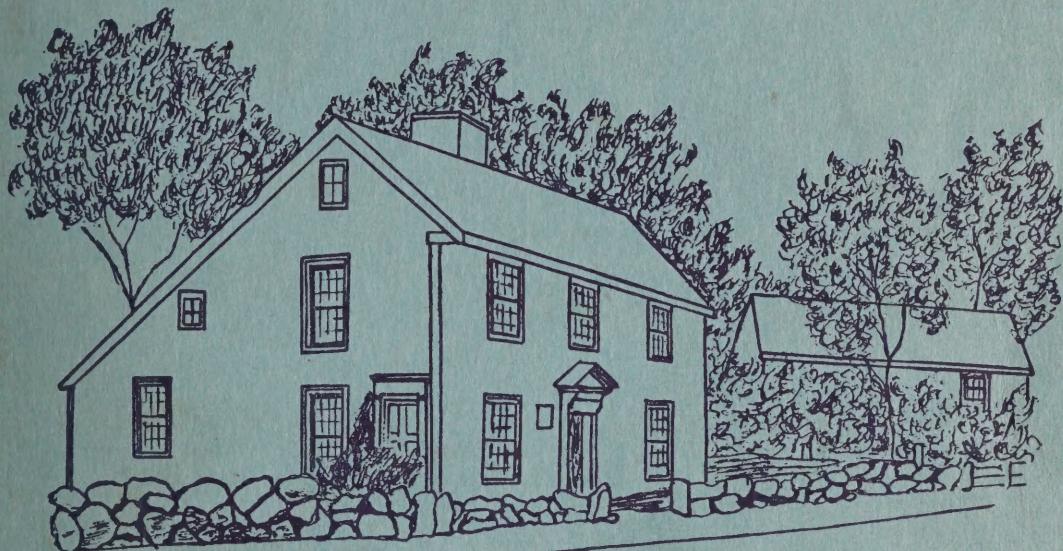


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QUINCY, MASS.

Central Junior High
June, 1929

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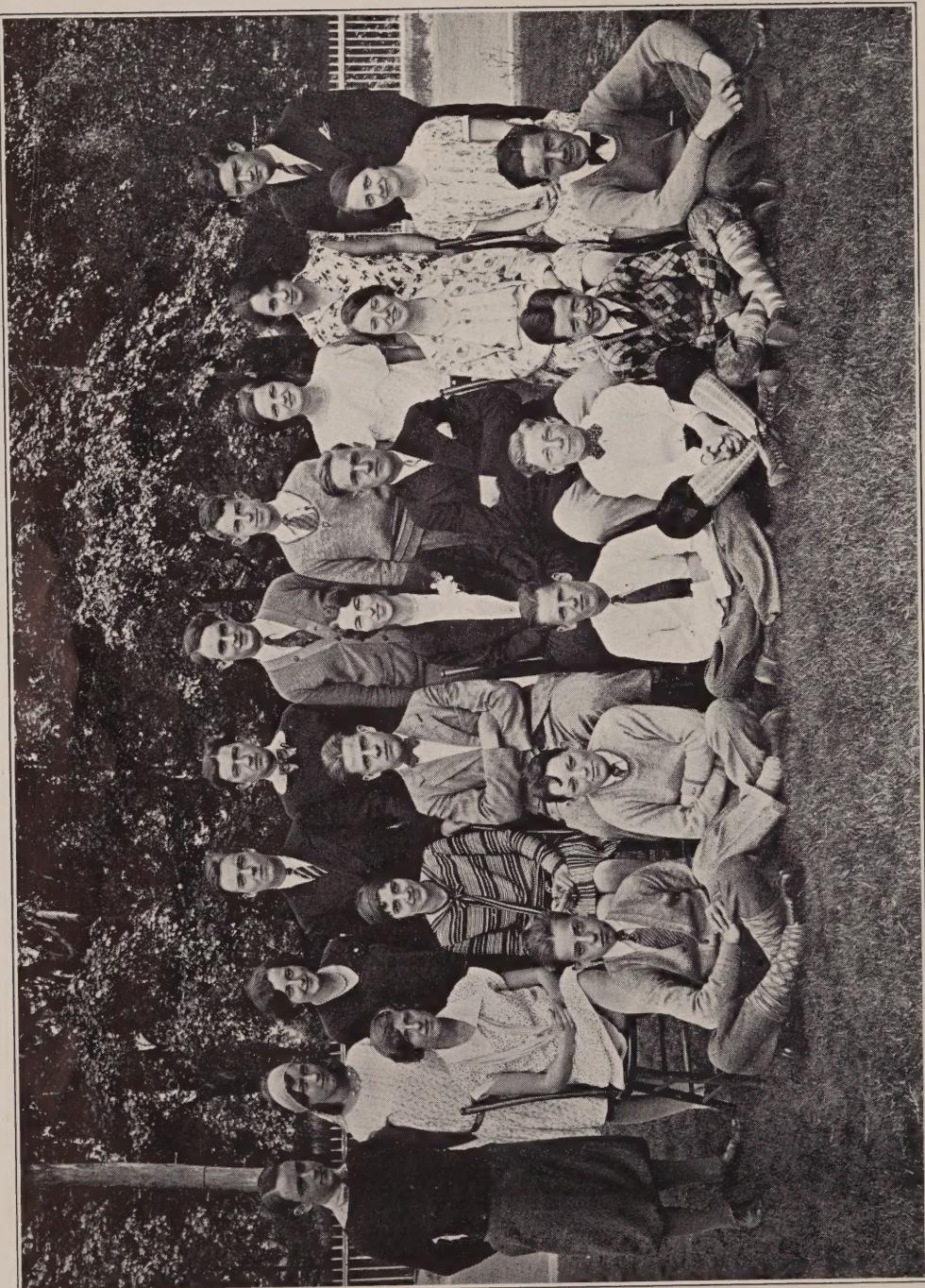
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QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

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To Miss Burke and Miss Vaughan

“The old friends are the true friends,”
The poet truly says,
And as the years pass onward
Their precious memory stays.

So friendships formed in school days
Seem to stay long in your heart.
Now, with the passing season,
From two friends we must part.

One goes to California shores
As librarian for a year;
The other walks along life’s way
With the man she holds most dear.

May God’s great blessings both attend
And guard from care and pain;
We will not bid farewell to you
But say, “Auf Wiedersehen.”

—Doris Van Bibber

EDITORIALS

A Kelcourse

EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

The "keynote" of the National Meeting of the Superintendents held at Cleveland recently, at which Mr. Muir was in attendance, was "Training for Citizenship." The superintendents of the country for three days discussed this very important aspect of education. Most people have come to believe that real education is something more than book learning. Surely if we are to live in a Democracy our schools must be rich in those experiences and activities which will help us to become worthy American citizens.

We learn by doing. Just as a boy must learn mathematics not merely by listening to explanations, but by actually working out working problems, so does he learn to be a good citizen by *practicing* the duties of good citizenship. We cannot train good citizens by mere telling of facts. They do not crystallize into attitudes, habits, and right programs of action. The discipline of the present day school is based on the principle that the only worthy control is from within, that the best kind of school government is that in which every individual tries to be self-controlled and in which the students and teachers are permitted to share responsi-

bilities, thus developing a true spirit of co-operation. The best schools today provide many opportunities for the development of responsibility.

Our school government allows us many rights and privileges and in return requires of us certain duties and obligations. Experience shows that boys and girls are ready and willing to meet their obligations if the proposition is presented to them fairly.

In the well-organized school of today the "Do" has supplanted the proverbial "Don't."

In addition to our school government, class organizations, glee club, and orchestra, the last period each Tuesday, is devoted to Special Activities, some thirty in all, with nearly every pupil participating in an activity of his own choice. Here we have boys and girls grouped according to choice and interest, self-organized and self-managed, co-operating in a purposeful activity, developing and growing in those habits and ideals which make for better citizenship. Here again, is an opportunity to use the "gang spirit" of the adolescent age in a very constructive way. The only difference between a good gang and a poor gang is *guidance*.

During the past semester we have sponsored the following activities:— Dramatic Club, Granite Chips Staff, Reporters' Club, Book Lovers' Club, Kappa Beta Kappa, Library Club, Junior Red Cross, Travel Club, Marionette Club, Hiking Club, Hospital Club, Arts and Crafts Club, Fife and Bugle Corps, Instrumental Club, Harmonica Club, Checker Club, Chess Club, Experiment Club, Cooking Club, Model Aeroplane Club and Aviators' Club.

The Granite Chips Staff under the guidance of Miss Cole, is made up of a group of boys and girls interested in publishing a school magazine worthy of the name of Central Junior. It means a lot of work, yet to those who do it, pleasure and joy are its great reward. I am told that the staff worked all of Memorial Day in getting out the present edition. They then celebrated with a swim in Quincy bay. One of the members remarked that it was the best Memorial Day he had ever spent. When boys and girls are willing to spend a holiday working on a magazine in order that it may go to print on time—a loyalty and interest are exemplified which are real values in good citizenship, not to speak of the many values derived from the whole organization of Granite Chips.

A group of boys known as the Kappa Beta Kappa Club, dedicated to hold high the honor of the school and to help the school in every way possible, conceived the idea that the traffic lines ought to be repainted and in some places new lines added. Accordingly, the day following Thanksgiving, when most boys were having a holiday, these boys, working until late in the evening, painted the lines as planned. I'm sure this project on the part of the boys not only gave them a great sense of pride and satisfaction but proved to the student body that boys, loyal to their club and school, can do a worth while

job and get a lot of fun and satisfaction out of it. This same group has planted two trees in front of the school. Such work is certainly a valuable asset to good citizenship.

I can speak of only one more activity—the Hospital Happiness Club. Last Christmas this club sent to the Children's Hospital some fifty scrap books. I can't tell you how happy the club was to make these books, and even more, to send them to boys and girls in the hospital. Some of them were so beautifully done and so interesting that I would have liked to have kept them but that wouldn't have been fair. Then again, how pleased we were to receive a letter from the superintendent, thanking us for the good cheer and happiness which we had brought to the boys and girls at the hospital. Surely the spirit of friendliness, kindness, and willingness to help people in sickness is worth cultivating in the future citizens of the republic.

If space permitted, I might show that every activity is contributing to a better citizenship; that the guiding principles are "corner stones" of a real "Democracy." I shall not soon forget the sincerity of a lad who had started the Harmonica Band and who was being transferred to another school because of a change in school lines. His loyalty and devotion to the group which he had started and wished, as he said, "to see through," made him feel that it was his duty to remain. Seeing the thing through was certainly a fine way of appreciating the situation. I wish that he might have remained with us.

In closing, may I thank the members of the various activities for the fine spirit of co-operation manifested this past semester, moreover, I hope that your activity has helped you to become a stronger and more loyal school citizen.

DAVID H. GOODSPEED, *Master.*

A WORD FROM OUR MAYOR

As my term of office is drawing to a close, I wish to thank Mr. Goodspeed, the heads of departments, offices, and teachers for the support which they have given me in helping to make the school government one of which to be proud. I also want to thank the pupils for the way in which they have contributed to the Monday morning assemblies. In conclusion, I feel certain that my successor will receive the same hearty co-operation that everyone has given me.

A pleasant vacation to all!

JOHN KROESSER, *Mayor.*

* * * *

ONWARD, FORWARD, UPWARD

The Class of June, 1932, now stands upon the threshold of a new experience, that of leaving Central Junior High and going forward to larger fields. The experience of going forward is not a new experience, however, as life is a series of may changes. We never remain fixed. We either go ahead or we slide back. Our class is not slipping back, but going onward, forward, and upward.

Success in any field requires a sound background, a sound background requires a proper training. In Central Junior High the Class of 1932, as well as all other classes, has received a background for their future work which cannot be anything other than a help and an encouragement.

We received the foundation on which we are to raise our building of success: A friendly encouragement, a sound training, and a spirit of love, help and friendliness. This will always go with us throughout our lives.

With the training we have received, with the natural ability we possess and with the best wishes of the teachers and principal behind us, we can do nothing but advance. We therefore pledge ourselves to this as a guide for every-

day conduct: We shall strive to go, ONWARD, FORWARD, and UPWARD, and so bring success not only to ourselves, but honor to our Alma Mater—Central Junior High.

LESTER C. PETERSON.

* * * *

HOW TO BE POPULAR

If we are perfectly honest with ourselves, we are forced to admit that we enjoy being liked by others. In other words, we all like to be popular. Now the popular person is invariably the one who is kind to everyone; and this is only another way of saying that the popular person has *good manners*. In fact, good manners are three-fourths of the secret of popularity. But the fact that we know how to balance a plate, tea cup, and saucer on our knee, does not mean that we have excellent manners. Some of us have a certain amount of good manners which we can take off or put on, like our best clothing, when there is company or when we go to someone else's house. We certainly had that kind when we were younger. Now that we are older, we realize that the manners of our childhood were not manners at all, for real manners are not removable and real people with real manners never take them off. Someone said, "Manners are a series of pretty sacrifices." Consideration for others is another way of expressing the same thing. For example, if we offer the cake with most frosting on it to someone else, instead of grabbing it for ourselves, we are showing that we are making sacrifices, or, in other words, that we have good manners.

* * * *

QUINCY'S WATER SUPPLY

(Prize Civics Essay)

The water supply of a community has long been important. Many famous ancient races regarded personal cleanli-

ness as chief in importance. The Egyptians and the Romans were two of these peoples. When Moses wished to punish Pharaoh, he did it by ruining the Egyptians' water supply. Claudius, one-time emperor of Rome, caused many aqueducts to be built so as to supply the city of Rome with pure water. They were so excellently built that four of the aqueducts are still in use today. The first act of wandering tribes in Asia and Africa was to dig wells whenever they stopped to camp.

Why did they do this? Why do cities today spend thousands yearly to give their people a pure, abundant water supply? It is to keep the people of the community clean and healthy so that they may develop into good citizens of the United States. Chicago is an excellent example. At an enormous cost, the city turned the current of the Chicago river from Lake Michigan into the Mississippi river so that its water supply would not be polluted with the city's sewage.

The first water supply for the people of Quincy was in the springs and brooks. As the town became more thickly settled, wells were dug. The first corporation was privately organized in 1883. It had wells dug and water pumped to private homes. Later, when the water supply was increased, a reservoir was built in Braintree. The city bought this system in 1893 for six hundred thousand dollars. As this did not prove entirely satisfactory, Quincy joined the Metropolitan System in 1898. This system is available to any city within ten miles radius of the State House of Boston. Now Quincy's water comes from the Nashua river some fifty miles away. The water is stored in Wachusett Reservoir at Clinton, Mass. From there it is brought into the Metropolitan District by three routes. An aqueduct carries some of the water to

Sudbury Reservoir, then to Weston and to Chestnut Hill Reservoir in Brookline. The second, or Sudbury aqueduct, runs about six miles south of the first, by the way of Framingham, to Chestnut Hill Reservoir. Between the two aqueducts lies Lake Cochituate. The third route is through Cochituate Aqueduct from the lake to Chestnut Hill Reservoir. From there, all three pipes go to Fisher Hill Reservoir in Brookline.

The pipe that supplies Quincy comes by the way of Brookline, Hyde Park and Milton. A meter which measures the water coming into the city is located at the corner of Beale Street and Adams Street. In case of a leak, strong steel gates, located at different points in the pipe, can be shut. An emergency pipe from the Boston supply at Neponset connects with Quincy in case of such a break in the main pipes.

The water is kept pure by filtering through the sand and, to prove its purity, it is frequently tested. About seventy-six and a half gallons of water per person is allowed each day in Quincy. Of course, this is not absolutely accurate as the water used for public purposes, such as wetting down the streets, is counted in the average. Altogether, two billion gallons of water is used each year and its entire cost is three hundred thousand dollars or about fourteen dollars per family, annually. This seems an enormous sum to pay for water, but although it is large, the cost is justified by the multitude of good it does the people of the community.

LELIA WINN, 8AL-1.

* * * *

OUR FLAG

Situated on the stage of our school there is something that is true and loyal to everyone of us. At the assemblies held in our school, it is always standing

on the stage, proud as anyone could be, dressed in the brightest colors and always clean. It is talked about very much and is held high up in the air so that it may have a chance to see everyone and all may have a chance to see it. When anybody passes by it, he is always careful to show his respect by passing in back of it. Hail to our Country's Flag!

JOHN STEVENS, 9B-JB.

* * * *

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT?

8:15, the doors open. Suddenly, a thundering stampede occurs. Boys and girls rush in, all trying to talk at the same time and to get to the same place at once. Questions are fired with lightning speed at the unfortunate individual who happens to be in charge at the desk. Everybody, thinking it his lawful right to be answered first, impatiently shoves to the front. Ah! The unfortunate girl in charge! By the time the home room bell rings, her head is whirling with foolish questions, her throat parched from talking so much, and she is as exhausted as she would have been after three hours of strenuous exercising in the gymnasium.

But the worst is yet to come! It is time to send for those poor, mistreated individuals who have to be begged on bended knee to return and pay for overdue books. Poor children! How should they know the books were overdue? Nobody came to tell them. Then finally, after much arguing and bantering they decided that they never had the book in the first place.

Don't you wonder why librarians are not gray before thirty, cranky and nervous and ready to jump down your throat when asked a simple question?

But they are not, if all are like our Miss Vaughan. However!—

Resolved: That an organization to be known as the "Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Librarians," should be formed.

VIRGINIA DELUCA, 9B-JB.

* * * *

School News

DR. SCHRADER LECTURES ON LEADERSHIP

On Thursday, January 17, the Gymnastic Leaders from the North, South, and Quincy Point Junior High Schools were guests of the Leaders' Club at Central. Dr. Carl Schrader of Boston, Director of Physical Education in Massachusetts, was the speaker of the evening and chose as his topic: "Leadership."

Dr. Schrader was introduced by Mr. Whiting, Quincy's Physical Education Instructor, who has made it possible for Quincy to have the Leaders' Clubs. Dr. Schrader made known the fact that Quincy is one of the few cities having such a gymnastic organization. He also urged that we should be leaders not only in our gymnastic periods, but also in all other branches of work. We were told that the girls of the world are progressing as rapidly as the boys.

* * * *

LEADERS' CLUB PARTY

Monday, February 11, the Central Junior High Leaders' Club gave a Valentine party for the Quincy Point Junior Leaders' Club.

As soon as the Quincy Point people had deposited their wraps in room 28 they paired up with Central people who had like number on their identification cards, which were small, red hearts. Everyone then adjourned to the Gym where a good time was had in playing

relays, slug, and basketball. Although the Quincy Point Leaders won most of the games, a general good feeling prevailed.

At five o'clock, all went up to the lunch room where refreshments, consisting of ice cream, cake and candy were served. The tables were arranged in the form of a square and were decorated with a multitude of small red paper hearts against a white background.

In behalf of the Central Leaders' Club, Anna Halloran, the president, gave a brief speech, thanking the Quincy Point Leaders for the party which they gave to Central on last Hallowe'en. Phyllis Keene, president of their club, gave a response to this speech.

The success of the party was due to the efforts of Margaret McDonald, Betty Smith, and Evelyn Anderson.

MARJORIE SANDBERG.

* * * *

ELECTION OF SCHOOL OFFICERS

The election of officers of the Central Junior High School Government was held Friday, February 15. The results were as follows:

Mayor: John Kroesser

Councilors-at-large:

Joseph Connor

Rita Doane

Ruth Doane

Lester Peterson

John Stevens

Room Councilors:

Room 1—Ella Bonyman

Room 2—Leo Sullivan

Room 3—Douglas Keefe

Room 4—Frank Brodil

Room 5—Joseph Santagata

Room 6—Dorothy Morrison

Room 7—Phyllis O'Brien

Room 8—Paul Schofield

Room 9—Mary Lavers

Room 10—Virginia De Luca
Room 11—James Shearer
Room 12—Alex Cumming
Room 21—Patricia de Varennes
Room 22—Kenneth Kemp
Room 23—Lelia Winn
Room 24—Edith Fagerlund
Room 25—Edna Cosgrove
Room 26—William Sullivan
Room 27—Louise Connor
Room 28—Roland Nelson
Room 29—Henry Waite
Room 31—Bertil Swanson
Room 34—Ralph Blake
Room 37—Joseph Neely

* * * *

INAUGURATION

With all the pomp and ceremony that marks a presidential inaugural, the newly elected officers of the Central Junior High School took office on Monday, February 18, at 2 o'clock with the former officers administering the oath of office.

The officers-elect marched into the assembly hall, headed by the flag bearers and aided by Margaret McDonald, who played "Vienna's March." Ex-Mayor George Clancy administered the oath of office to the now Honorable Mayor, John Kroesser. Mayor Kroesser then gave his inaugural address, which was loudly acclaimed by the school in a cheer, led by Anna Halloran. Joseph Ford, last term's president of the council, gave the oath of office to the councilors.

There was tense interest among the students during the voting for president of the council. Lester Peterson and John Stevens received the highest number of votes, but as neither had a majority the councilors voted again, with the result of 17 to 9 in favor of Peterson. He was then presented with the mallet, which he immediately put into use by calling the meeting to order.

As a result of the first session the

following pupils were appointed for offices:

Clerk—Doris Van Bibber

Treasurer—Cornelius Vantwiver

Chief of Traffic—Herbert Evans

Chief of Fire—Harry Histen

Board of Health—Anna Halloran

Many of the past officers of the school were present but when Mr. Goodspeed asked for a speech from some of them, they all hastened to find the exit.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned and the students returned to their home rooms.

JANE FERRIS. 9A.

* * * *

MAGIC!

Mr. Taylor, the renowned magician, visited our school on Tuesday, February 19 at 2 o'clock, and gave us an excellent and enjoyable program. He introduced several new mysteries, which kept the audience in breathless suspense. During intermission, home made candy was sold by a group of 9A girls. The chairman of the committee was Gorden Kelley. After giving Mr. Taylor a contribution, a goodly sum was added to the 9A Class Fund.

* * * *

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT HOOVER

One of the most interesting assemblies of the year was enjoyed on Monday, March 4, when the students were allowed to listen to the Inauguration Ceremonies which were broadcast from Washington, D. C. The radio which was used was kindly lent to us by Mr. March of the Atwater Kent Co.

We heard the descriptions of the various scenes by different broadcasters. We were especially interested in Mr. David Lawrence, who, from his long residence in Washington, was familiar with most of the well-known personages who took important parts in the inauguration.

We heard Vice-President Charles Curtis being sworn in, the adjournment of the old Congress, and we also heard the new and re-elected members of the Cabinet being sworn in.

As the time drew near for President Hoover's Inauguration, the students grew quiet. When the President was finally sworn in they rose and applauded most vigorously.

After hearing a part of President Hoover's speech, the pupils returned to their regular school work.

* * * *

RIP VAN WINKLE

On Monday, March 11, the 7A-6 Litra-Dramatic Club, under the direction of Miss Doris Wordell, presented the play, "Rip Van Winkle," in four acts.

The characters in the order of their appearance were:

Rip Van Winkle	Milton Hall
Vrouw Van Winkle	Virginia Viner
Judith, their daughter	Louise Connor
Rip Jr., their son	Carl Olsen
Derrick Van Bummel, schoolmaster	Bernard Grossman
Nicholas Vedder, inn proprietor	Howard Martin
Head dwarf	Antoinette Guarcello
Other dwarfs	Virginia Collins
	Richard Baxter
	Isabel MacLeod
	Edith Mustonen
Old woman	Ann Connolly
Yankee	Edward Pyne
Politician	Hugh Paul
Old man	Jack Donovan

The performance, which was greatly enjoyed by all of the pupils, was written by Louise Connor, Bernard Grossman, Hugh Paul and Virginia Viner.

* * * *

"BIG BROTHER"

On Friday, April 12, we had the pleasure of having as our guest, Big

Brother of Station WEEI, Boston, who entertained us delightfully during an assembly period, all too short.

After Big Brother had given us a bit of sound advice on the importance of an education, he favored us with some interesting and amusing recitations and songs. Among them were: "Nicknames," "Recipes," "The Bad Manners Family," and "Nothing To Laff At." The entertainment ended with everybody's singing the Big Brother "Signing Off Song." After cordially inviting everybody to come in and visit the Studio at WEEI, Big Brother left amid great applause.

* * * *

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

A very interesting play, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," was given in the Monday Morning Assembly, May 6, 1929, by the 7A class of Room 34, under the direction of Miss Dixon. The characters, in order of their appearance, were as follows:

Miles Standish	Charles Hanson
John Alden	Earle Kenyon
Priscilla	Edith Bengston
Habomak (Indian guide)	Herman Piller
Messenger	Robert Lund
Peksuat (Indian chieftain)	Ralph Blake
Wattawamat (Indian chieftain)	Edward Cleary
Elder Brewster	Robert Daly
People of Plymouth	Members
Standish's army	of
Indians	class

The words for this play were written by Edith Bengston and the stage manager was Robert Irwin.

PETER SULLIVAN, 9B.

THE PRINCE OF MARTINIQUE

"The Prince of Martinique," a very clever and interesting operetta, was given on the afternoon of May 15 and the evening of May 16 before a most appreciative audience. The operetta was under the direction of Miss Randall, Miss Hanley and Miss Wordell. The scenery was painted by Miss White and some of her pupils.

The principal members of the cast were:

Clarence the Coiner	James Laing
The Prince's Suite	James Ellis
	George Tarr
	James Phillips
	Clifford Cox
Governor De Biran	Robert Graham
Estelle, his sister	Ruth Nickerson
Marguerite	Dorothy H. Johnson
Chevalier d'Ormond	Austin Fish
Fishwife	Mary Sherriff

Candy was sold by a group of 9A girls, and seven Kappa Beta Kappa boys served as ushers.

* * * *

NINTH GRADE DANCE

On Friday, May 31, at 8 o'clock, a dance was held in our Gym under the direction of the Leaders' Club and the Kappa Beta Kappa boys. The music was furnished by the Ambassador Orchestra. Mr. and Mrs. Goodspeed were the host and hostess. The Gym was simply, but attractively decorated with orchid and green crepe paper fes-toons and white spirea.

The dance started with the Grand March, led by Mr. and Mrs. Goodspeed. This was followed by fox trots and waltzes. Among the specialty dances were the Spot Dance and the Elimination Dance for which prizes were awarded. Refreshments were served and the dance broke up at 11 o'clock with everybody's having had a wonderful time.

KAPPA BETA MINSTRELS

On Thursday evening, June 6, at 8 o'clock, the Kappa Beta Kappa boys presented, in the school auditorium, a Minstrel Show, coached by their advisor, Miss Cole, and directed by William Sullivan of the February 1929 class. Music for the performance was furnished by the following members of the Instrumental Club, coached by Miss Lydon: Stewart Smith, trumpet; Leo Sullivan, piano; Martha Blake, violin; and Harry Immar, saxophone. Other clubs which contributed to the program were the Harmonica Band, coached by Miss Gizzarelli and consisting of: Manley Davis, James Foley, Robert Prescott, Paul Jacobs, Bronson Huggard, Harry Leet, Walter Shuttleworth, Charles de Varennes and Thomas Graffen; and the Fife and Drum Corps, coached by Miss Bruton.

The program was as follows:

Part 1—opening song, "Kappa Beta Kappa's Minstrel Show," by the chorus; "Where Were you, Where Was I?" end men's song and dance; selections by the Harmonica Band; "Button Up Your Overcoat," by "Muddy Waters" and chorus; "Josephine and Alex Ballet," by Joe Maher and Alexander Williamson; "Oh Those Darn Gym Sneakers," by "Snowball" and chorus; "Weary River," by the chorus.

Part 2—"The Fatal Quest," a tragedy in three acts: King, Cornelius Vantwiver; Queen, Herbert Crowley; Princess, John Kroesser; Duke, George Tarr;—"I've Got a Code in My Doze," by "Sambo;" Sam and Ham, Accordion and Dance Specialists, by Edward Fosse and Charles Leonard; Trumpet Solo, by Stewart Smith, accompanied by Miss Lydon; Fife and Drum Selections—Albert Harvey fife, Charles Johnston, drum; "I'm Wild About Horns on Automobiles," by George Tarr, End Men and Chorus.

The End Men were: "Sambo," Her-

bert Crowley; "Rastus," Cornelius Vantwiver; "Snowball," George Tarr; "Muddy Waters," John Kroesser. Robert MacArthur was the Interlocutor, while the chorus included: Lester Peterson, Herbert Simmons, Warren Kirkland, Frank Brodil, Harry Histen, Dick Koons, Richard Nielsen, Norman Moberg, George Sabean, James Ellis and John Roberts.

Candy was sold between the Parts by the following girls: Ella Bonyman, Evelyn Anderson, Dorothy Morrison, Ruth Davis, Doris Van Bibber, Anna Halloran, Dorothy MacLean, Louise Rood and Kathryn Folmsbee. Miss Turner had charge of the candy girls.

At the final curtain, the end men were presented with flowers and a huge bouquet of carrots, while Miss Cole was given a beautiful bouquet of pink roses. Everyone seemed to enjoy the play immensely. The proceeds were given to the Curtain Fund.

* *

CENTRAL ITEMS

Have you noticed the attractive and colorful posters which have been put up in the Lunch Room by Miss Stockwell?

* *

We are glad to hear of the honor which has been given to Miss Vaughan, who is exchanging positions with a librarian from Santa Monica, California for a year; but—we shall be much gladder when we have her back with us once more!

* *

A great deal of happiness has been spread by the Junior Red Cross Club, which is sponsored by Miss Taylor. On May Day the club sent May baskets to pupils of our school who were ill and also to many of the children at the Quincy Hospital.

* *

We are certainly grateful to the Kappa Beta Kappa boys for their splen-

did work in helping to improve the school. It was they who painted our traffic lines, planted the fir trees in front of the school and who gave a Minstrel Show to contribute the rest of the money to complete the Curtain Fund.

* *

Miss Vaughan and her Library Staff which, by the way, is different from any other, have certainly done a great deal toward getting the teachers and pupils better acquainted with the new books which have recently been acquired by the library.

* *

The Lunch Room Contest has helped greatly in making the school more tidy. This contest, as everybody knows, was originated by Mr. Goodspeed.

* *

Thanks to the untiring efforts of Mr. Whiting, it has been possible for all of the Junior Highs in the city to have the ten-minute Gym period between the third and fourth period classes.

* *

Miss Welch and her Gym Leaders' Group also deserves a great deal of credit for the splendid work which they have done during the daily Gym periods.

* *

We wonder if you realize the excellent work being done by Miss Turner and her Reporters' Club? Each week they compile, and send to the Quincy Ledger, a well-written and interesting account of the news of our school.

* *

The twenty baseball boys who went to a game in Braves' Field to see Philadelphia and the Boston Braves play a "double-header" certainly appreciate the kindness of the Braves' manager who made the trip possible.

Richard Neilson and George Mason are the proud owners of chameleons, which they have recently acquired. The chameleons seem quite fond of the plants in Room 4. Have you seen them yet?

* *

We wonder where Mr. Goodspeed won that lovely silver (?) loving cup which occupies such a prominent position in the office?

* *

Didn't you simply adore those white flannels, blue coats and blue and white polka-dotted bow ties, to say nothing of the white carnation boutonnieres, which were so much in evidence among the ushers at the operetta?

* *

Thanks to Miss Burke and Miss Balboni, the June 1928 class, the Kappa Beta Kappa boys, and the June 1929 class, we are to have a new curtain for our stage!

* *

We thank the June, 1928 class too, for the piano in the Gym. It has added much to the tone of our school dances.

* *

The Orthophonic Victrola, given by the February, 1929 and June, 1929 classes has been greatly enjoyed, both in Assembly and in dancing class.

* *

We have won the championship of the city in tennis, thanks to the excellent playing of Louise Rood and Phyllis O'Brien, who were excellently coached by Miss Di Panfilo.

* *

Let's cheer Mr. King for bringing our Basketball team through another successful season! Under his guidance the Central boys have been the Junior High champions of the city for two years. Mr. Lynch, too, deserves credit for coaching the baseball team into the championship series. Central lost but two games.

Miss Vaughan and Miss Balboni were given a vote of thanks by the seventh and eighth grade library staff for taking them in town to see "Peter Pan."

* *

The Staff of Granite Chips wishes to take this opportunity to thank both the teachers and the pupils who helped to make its Short Story Contest such a success. Forty-two stories, twenty from the ninth grade, ten from the eighth and twelve from the seventh were contributed.

* *

Did you know that Mr. Goodspeed, beside being a very efficient principal and the advisor of the Chess Club, is a busy man in outside affairs? He is Chairman of the Prudential Committee and Vice-President of the Men's Club of his church, Director of the Quincy Welfare Society and on the Board of Governors of Stoney Brae Golf Club. Last, but not least, he is an authority on dogs, particularly Boston Terriers.

* *

Did you ever notice that no matter what you want, Miss McAllister in the office, is never too busy to help you out?

* *

In the recent Spelling Contest which took place in Station WEEI, Boston, the representatives from this school made a very good showing. They were Betty Smith, William Coates, and Elaine Kenyon, with Peter Sullivan as alternate.

* *

And, before we close, wasn't the operetta of May 16, well done! Certainly Miss Randall, for her work in drilling the vocal parts, Miss Hanley and Miss Wordell, for their supervision of the action and dancing, and Miss White for her clever painting of scenery and costumes, deserve unlimited praise.

Last of all, how many know what kind of bird is our Library Mascot? 'Tis a Green Ibis, the sacred bird of Egypt, and 'twas presented to the school by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon S. Brokaw of Wollaston.

* * * *

THE 8th GRADE ARTS AND CRAFTS CLUB

Director, Miss L. B. Smith

The 8th Grade Arts and Crafts Club consists of thirty-one members who are divided into nine groups, each group working on a definite project. The groups at present are: leather tooling, beading pocket-books and flowers, wood-block stencilling, pen and ink work, painting, sketch work, and painting of doorstops. Several fine drawings are already finished and the club intends to produce many fine articles before June.

A display of last semester's work was held in the library on Monday, April 15. This semester's club intends to turn out a good, if not better display.

LORIMER ROBEY.

* * * *

AVIATION CLUB

Director, Miss Woodbury

The Aviation Club meets in Room 5 during the regular club period on Tuesday afternoon. The officers are:

President, William Cray

Vice President, Craig Miller

Secretary, David Bresnahan

Treasurer, Donald Peterson.

During the club period current events and stories about aviation are collected. The aim of the club is to get an idea of airplanes and aviation.

* * * *

CHECKER CLUB

Director, Mr. D'Entremont

The Checker Club is composed of thirty-two 8th grade boys, twelve of

whom were in the club last year. The officers are:

President, Lawrence Leggelin
Treasurer, Elmer Walsh
Secretary, Henry Peterson

In our club we learn the history of the game, its rules and fine points and practice different opening moves and endings of games. Each club period we play two official games with a partner of equal rating. Score cards are kept for all games and are posted on a large master score sheet mounted on the blackboard. The score sheet has movable arrows showing the five highest scores for the year, and is changed at the end of each club period. The last two club meetings of the year will be devoted to a tournament between the six boys who have the highest scores for the year. They will play for five prizes.

The dues for our club are ten cents for the semester.

HENRY PETERSON.

* * * *

THE CHESS CLUB

Director, Mr. Goodspeed

The Chess Club, with a membership of thirty-one, meets in Room 33 regularly each week. The officers are:

President, Carl Backman
Vice President, Francis Hennessey
Secretary, John Stevens

The club is divided into two groups. Group A consists of the boys who played in last semester's tournament, and Group B consists of the boys who have just come into the club this semester.

The best players in Group A are Warren Kirkland, Cornelius Sullivan, Elmer Bostrom and Ernest Dodge. The champion of this group is to have the honor of competing with Mr. Goodspeed for the championship of the school.

SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB

Directors, Miss Burke and Miss Balboni

The members of the Ninth Grade Dramatic Club meet every Tuesday during the regular club period. The officers are as follows:

President, Ella Bonyman
Secretary, Ruth Doane
Treasurer, Reno Marini.

The dues are five cents. The majority of the members took part in the play "False Pretenses," which was given May 13, 1929.

RUTH DOANE, 9-B.

* * * *

EXPERIMENT CLUB

Director, Mr. Fitzpatrick

The Experiment Club meets in Room 32 on Tuesdays. The aim of the club is to give the members an introduction to science. At each meeting two or three members of the club explain some kind of an experiment. The officers are:

President, Julian Banks
Treasurer, Charles Nealy
Secretary, Victor Gavaza.

VICTOR GAVAZA.

* * * *

HOSPITAL HAPPINESS CLUB

Director, Miss Kennedy

The Hospital Happiness Club has a membership of twenty-two. The purpose of the club is to give pleasure and happiness to those who are in hospitals. The following officers were elected:

President, Patricia de Varennes
Vice President, Dorothy Koehler
Secretary, Viola Johnson
Treasurer, Clare Howley.

Several scrap-books consisting of stories, jokes, poems, and beautifully colored pictures have been sent to pupils who were ill at home, to patients

at the Children's Hospital for Contagious Diseases in Brighton, and to the Norfolk County Hospital in Braintree Highlands.

VIOLA JOHNSON.

* * * *

INSTRUMENTAL CLUB

Director, Miss Lydon

The club is composed of 25 members: 4 pianists, 12 violins, 1 cello, 2 clarinets, 3 cornets, 1 flute, 1 saxophone, and 1 alto horn. The following officers were chosen by the club:

Director and manager, Stewart Smith

Treasurer, Warren White

Committee to arrange programs, Louise Rood, Martha Blake, Joseph Santagata.

Club reporter, Winifred Healy.

It is the purpose of the club to contribute programs at assemblies and to assist other clubs when they present their programs.

* * * *

JUNIOR RED CROSS CLUB

Director, Miss Taylor

A very interesting activity, the Junior Red Cross Club meets in Room 12 during the Special Activity period on Tuesday. Its chief purpose is to aid children, ill in hospitals or at home, to pass away tiresome hours by giving them scrap-books, toys, and baskets of fruit or candy. The officers are:

President, Edwina Robinson

Vice President, Alice Reid

Secretary, Ruth Koeller

Treasurer, Corrine Taylor.

During the club periods many interesting scrap-books have been made, which will be sent to children in various hospitals. Some club members have preferred to make a book, containing miscellaneous collections of colored pictures, while others have made a book containing pictures relating to one topic,

such as flowers, horses, babies and other subjects similar to these.

The members of the club brought happiness to many people, by distributing gay May baskets which were made during the club period, April 30. These baskets, filled with animal crackers, candy and nuts, were sent to all pupils who had been absent from school two weeks or more because of illness. Wednesday, May 1, two club members took fourteen May baskets to the Children's Ward of the Quincy City Hospital. All of the children seemed very much pleased with the gifts. The club has proved to be very interesting and helpful to the members because of the many opportunities offered for serving others.

* * * *

KAPPA BETA KAPPA

Advisor, Miss Cole

That splendid and enthusiastic club of twenty ninth-grade boys, known as the Kappa Beta Kappa, has once more organized with new officers and several new members.

The newly-elected officers are:

President, Herbert Crowley

Vice President, John Kroesser

Secretary, George Sabean

Treasurer, Lester Peterson.

The meetings are held every Wednesday at 3 o'clock in the regular club room. Stephen Follett, Kappa Beta Kappa's first president, occasionally attends meetings and gives the members advice on various matters. The aim of Kappa Beta Kappa is to promote good will and good feeling in the school; to be of service in the corridors, rooms, hall and basement, and to help in any other way possible.

* * * *

LEADERS' CLUB

Director, Miss Welch

The club is composed of twenty-three members, who meet in Room 28 every regular club period. The officers are:

President, Anna Halloran
 Vice President, Evelyn Anderson
 Secretary, Dorothy Dahl
 Treasurer, Dorothy MacLean.

The club aims to develop leaders in all girls' athletics, character, service, scholarship and social activities.

On Friday, May 31, at 8 o'clock, the club, with the aid of the Kappa Beta Kappa, ran a dance in the Gym. They are now planning to give a circus party for the eighth grade.

DOROTHY DAHL, 9-A.

* * * *

LIBRARY STAFF

Director, Miss Vaughan

Under the excellent supervision of its officers and Miss Vaughan, the 1929 Library Staff has been extremely successful in its work. Ruth Davis is the Chief of the Staff for this half semester. She follows Ella Bonyman and Doris Smith who were chiefs for the first ten weeks, and who are now in charge of the desk. Herbert Crowley is the head of overdue books. The other officers are:

President, Gorden Kelley
 Vice-President, Dorothy Dahl
 Secretary, Katherine Johnson
 Treasurer, Edward Hammond

The officers of the combined seventh and eighth grade club are:

President, Paul Black
 Vice-President, Philip Balcom
 Secretary, Joseph Broderick
 Treasurer, Carl Bohlken

Both divisions first got together at separate initiation parties held in the library at the beginning of the term. As can be expected, they were greatly enjoyed by all. Since then, ninth grade members have met every first Monday in the month to discuss the club's business. As a result of one of these meetings, the Staff gave what they called "A Library Tea." This was given on Monday, April 15 at 3 o'clock, to acquaint the teachers and representatives of Special Activity Clubs, with the new books. We hope that the various clubs profited by the exhibition as one of the aims of the club is to aid teachers and pupils in finding helpful books.

The seventh and eighth grade Staff has not been idle either. They went in Boston to see "Peter Pan" and are preparing a play, "Peter in Bookland," which will soon be presented.

During the year, Galen Hill, librarian of the Thomas Crane Public Library, and Edna Shea, a senior at Simmon's Library School, gave lectures on "Librarianship as a Profession," and the "Value of a Library Club."

JANE FERRIS, 9A.



RETURN BOOKS HERE!



LIBRARY MASCOT



THE TREASURE HUNT

By Elaine Kenyon, 9B-L

In his large mansion in New York City, John Farnham, an eccentric old widower, wealthy beyond dreams, died suddenly of heart failure one November day. Behind him he left a rather puzzling will which ordered that a quarter of his entire fortune be left to his son, Burt; another quarter, divided among his relatives and friends; and that a novel called "The Colfax Book-plate" be given to his remaining and favorite son, Charles. It seemed as if all but Charles, were receiving handsome legacies for even the servants of the household were remembered in the will. Everyone began to imagine that before Mr. Farnham's death, some terrible happening had caused an estrangement between father and son.

Charles himself, overcome with grief at his father's sudden death, had remained in his room since the funeral, and therefore had not heard the rumors circulating about him. His father and he had always been the closest of comrades and Charles could imagine no reason for his seeming coldness.

At last, however, picking up the book which had been left as an inheritance, he

began to read, and so absorbed did he become in the story that he did not once raise his eyes from it until he had finished. As it was then about half-past eleven, he placed the book in the safe and prepared for bed, musing all the while on the tale and wondering if any possible connection could exist between it and the other half of John Farnham's fortune.

The next morning Charles arose with the sun, an idea forming in his head. His inheritance, "The Colfax Book-plate," was the story of the solution of a mystery found hidden under a book-plate. His father, John Farnham, had always been interested in mystery stories and possessed in his library, more books of that type than of any other. Realizing that he had not much longer to live, he had probably indulged his fancies by originating a mystery for his son to solve!

As this idea suddenly dawned on Charles, he realized that the discovery of half a billion dollars' worth of money depended upon his keenness. The plot in the book had given him his first clue!

Managing to clothe himself at last, despite his trembling fingers, he took the book from the safe and carefully examined the bookplate. To his intense chagrin, however, there was nothing on the plate to suggest any clue whatsoever.

Charles' heart sank, and he wondered if his father had planned to play a joke on him. Upon reflection, however, he knew that his father was not the type of man to play jokes when a fortune was at stake. With a sigh, he laid the book on the table beside his bed. But in so doing, his hand happened to brush across the bookplate for an instant, and in that instant new hope was aroused; for his fingers had felt a slight very slight projection, across the plate. With hurried steps he descended the stairway and, after passing through several rooms, entered the kitchen. Finding nobody there, he heated some water in a kettle and when it was steaming, brought it to his room.

With beating heart, he took the book, and, opening it to the bookplate, held it over the steam rising from the kettle. The bookplate, aided by Charles' eager fingers, gradually loosened and peeled off. Underneath was revealed a large piece of very thin paper, spread across the back of the cover.

Charles was so delighted at this discovery that he hardly could restrain his eagerness. Seating himself in a chair, he began to read the words written on the paper:

"My dear son, having arrived at this point, which is halfway, I feel sure that you will be able eventually, to find what you are seeking. Do not regard this as a mystery, but as a treasure hunt, for that is what you really are seeking. Knowing that my heart will soon fail me, I have used up many an otherwise boring hour to make up this treasure hunt. On the other side of this letter you will find a plan

of a room, with the main key of the hunt in the margin.

Your father,
John Farnham"

Turning the paper over, Charles found the drawing of a room, which, on closer survey, proved to be the library. On the margin outside of the plan, was a sketch of a dog's figure. That was all, and although no further clues had been presented him, Charles had a feeling that the end of the hunt was nearing.

On entering the library, he shut the door behind him and seated himself on a sofa before the fireplace, where a bright fire was burning. As the whole household was away that morning, Charles was alone with nobody about to disturb him. Glancing at his watch, however; he found it to be eleven o'clock. Dinner would be served in about two hours, and so in that time he must try to conclude the hunt as the household would be returning.

While thus seated, Charles' eyes rested, drawn by some unknown force, on a large painting directly in front of him over the fireplace. The main figure in the painting was that of a large, noble looking greyhound, with large luminous eyes. For some unaccountable reason, the dog's eyes seemed to hold a peculiar fascination for Charles and he continued gazing at them, as if hypnotized. Then he suddenly arose and walked over to the painting, for he observed that the sketch of the dog on the margin of the plan was a duplicate of the one in the picture.

Confident of his success now, Charles with steady fingers, directed by some foreign force, raised his hand and pressed the dog's eyes. Immediately, a low grating sound was heard and he saw a portion of the panelled wall beside the fireplace slowly move inward as if on a hinge, and there revealed was

a passage. Seizing a flashlight from the drawer of a table, he passed into a dark corridor which smelled damp and musty as he strode along. With blood racing, Charles walked down four steps and confronted a door which, upon being opened, proved to be an entrance to the cellar.

Raising his flashlight high, and proceeding to look about the room, he tripped over a metal object. Upon examination, this proved to be an iron ring protruding from the floor. Beneath the ring, doubtlessly rested several millions and Charles eagerly pulled the ring, bringing a section of the wooden floor up with it. Beneath the cleverly made trapdoor, in the cavity thus exposed, lay a large steel box containing the reward of Charles' perseverance.

Without waiting to get back to the library, he opened the box and there, instead of glorious heaps of gold and silver, or thick wads of currency, lay only a narrow slip of paper!

Disconsolately, Charles started to examine the paper, but disappointment suddenly changed to joy, for the slip was a check for the remaining half of his father's fortune!

At last he had discovered the "buried treasure," and proved to all of the world the depth of the bond between his father and himself.

* * * *

ROSES AND CAKES

By Dorothy L. Johnson, 9B-L

"Mm! that smells good, if I did make it!" said Jane as she viewed the caramel cake. "Gee! I am tired. Wonder where —, oh, here it is! Hello, Jack!"

"Hello, darling! Supper ready?" he greeted her as he threw the paper onto the table and started towards Jane. But, the paper had landed on the cake.

"Oh—Jack! The cake! The chocolate caramel cake I just finished making, and it's ruined! We can't eat

it now, and I spent three hours making it! Oh—!" and she burst into tears.

"Why, my dear, I'm awfully sorry. But accidents will happen, you can make another one, tomorrow."

"Yes! make another! After working three whole hours on it! Oh—and you don't even try to take it off!" Indignantly she peeled off the paper, which had stuck on the marshmallow frosting. "Isn't that a nice mess." And upstairs to her room ran Jane with Jack not far behind. But she had locked her door by the time he reached it. He knocked on the door and made all sorts of excuses, but that only made her sob louder. So Jack went downstairs. He looked for something to eat, but he wasn't hungry, and so he went out onto the front porch.

It was very quiet except for the muffled sobs upstairs. He tried to whistle a little tune as he rocked back and forth but it sounded hollow. The telephone rang. Jack ran in to answer it, wondering who it could be.

"Hello—Yes, this is Jack—Who? Oh yes. Why she just dropped in to see the neighbors—Sorry." Jane came running down the stairs, red eyed, and snatched the phone from Jack.

"Hello, Sally—Yes" and Jack went out on the porch again, red-eared.

Who should come along but old Mrs. Thatcher, the widow. Jack couldn't run into the house because she had seen him, but he didn't want to see any of the neighbors, *then*.

"Good evening, Mr. Lamb. Lovely evening, isn't it? Is Mrs. Lamb in?" said Mrs. Thatcher as she came up on the porch. But before he could answer, Jane was standing in the doorway, smiling, although her eyes were still red and swollen.

"Why, hello, Mrs. Thatcher," and she sat down on the farthest end of the porch from Jack. "Won't you sit down, Mrs. Thatcher?"

"Mrs. Lamb, I hadn't intended to stay, I just ran over to ask you if I could borrow the recipe of that chocolate caramel cake," said the widow.

"Why surely, Mrs. Thatcher." As she got up to get it Jack grinned, but she cast him a black look. She was back in a minute.

"Thank you ever so much, Mrs. Lamb. Why! Your roses are lovely."

"Yes, they are pretty. We planted them this year, but I think yours are much prettier. It's too bad that Mr. Thatcher didn't live to see them," said Jack.

"Ah—yes. And to think that before we planted them last year we quarreled something awful over them. He wanted pink and I wanted red, but we finally planted both colors. They didn't blossom last summer. He died three months ago and didn't live to see them. But I mustn't bother you with my troubles. Thank you ever so much for the recipe and goodnight." She walked down the street. When she had gone, Jane got up and almost ran over to Jack.

She cried, "Oh Jack, I'm so sorry! What's a little cake, anyway, in our short life? Just think, what if you should die. Oh—"

"Why that's all right, darling. I knew you would see it that way," said Jack and they went in to make supper.

* * * *

"HE WHO LAUGHS LAST"

By Lorimer Robey, 8A-L

The last show on the northern circuit was finished. At five o'clock the crowds were leaving in hysterics, caused by Black Boy, a negro clown.

Black Boy left the ring and went into the dressing wagon. On his bureau was a note: "Will move today." Black Boy was curious, so he sought out the

boss, whom he found talking with the living skeleton and the fat lady.

"Ah ain't interruptin', am ah, boss?" he asked.

"Course not, Bee Bee," replied the boss. "What do you want anyway?"

"Wal, I'd jest lak to know where we was a-goin next, thas all."

"We're going down to the Carolinas and Georgia."

"What! Oh; no, boss, ah can't go down dere, the Klan would murder me. No! No! boss!!" And Black Boy's tone showed great fear.

"You haven't anything to say about it, Bee Bee, so shut up and get your stuff ready," and the boss turned to the living skeleton and fat lady.

Black Boy slowly wended his way between the wagons and tents. He stepped into his small compartment in the dressing wagon, and sat down disconsolately on his bed. His heart was heavy with fear and beads of perspiration ran slowly down his face, turning his make-up paint to paste. He reached over to his bureau and saw his razor was safe.

Suddenly, voices broke the silence. They were those of the acrobats who shared the compartment next to that of Black Boy.

"Black Boy sure was frightened when he thought of that Klan down south, but ain't we gonna have fun, heh?"

"Some trick you thought of, Boney," said one of the acrobats.

"Sure, and a few sheets will fix us up and we'll be a swell Klan. Jest wait until Black Boy sees us,—he's gonna have fits!" said Boney.

Black Boy pondered on the scheme he had just overheard. "Huh! Ah guess two kin play at dat dere game," he mused, and he went out to court the cannibal lady, "the only one in captivity."

They had been in Malvern, South Carolina, three days and had had a

good-sized audience at every show. Black Boy was returning to the dressing wagon after the night show. As he hurried along, right before him three white, horrible-looking objects arose as if from the bowels of the earth. Black Boy's heart sank, his knees trembled and he nearly keeled over. However, he regained his nerve as his mind flashed back to the last day in the north and the scheme he had overheard. Turning, nevertheless, he set off at a gallop toward the swamp. The ghostly objects followed in hot pursuit.

Black Boy kept just far enough ahead of them to lure them on, but not far enough to be lost from view. Once he fell, twice, and three times! But the "objects" fell at every five steps. It was easier for Black Boy to run in the swamp; he was used to it and his sense of direction was keen.

The white-sheeted figures followed very slowly. One fell and was unable to keep up the chase, another ran hard into a tree, and the other fell into a sluggish stream. Black Boy kept on, going in a circle. In an hour he had returned to the circus grounds. Then he cleaned up and retired.

Next day the boss was furious! The acrobatic trio had disappeared. A search was made in all saloons and jails. The only clue found was that they had taken their sheets with them. The boss made the best of it and cut out the act. The fat woman and the living skeleton were to do tricks instead. Three days later, as the circus was preparing to move, three bedraggled, miserable-looking, acrobats, wrapped in sheets, appeared before the boss.

"Huh! is that you? Well, I'll be cursed! Where have you been? Com'on, tell me the whole story, you bunch of minnies!" and the boss was working himself into a frenzy. "Boney, you simple-headed, crazy loon, what's happened?"

"Who, me?" asked Boney, looking as vacant as the air. "Oh yah, sure, sure. We was in my bed snoring and some Dutchmen and niggers came in and tried to mangle us. We threw the bureau at them and ran out."

"What did you take your sheets for?" asked the boss.

"Oh, yah, sure, we was gonna make a sail and escape by boat, but we couldn't get a boat. We got into the swamp somehow, and have jest got out. We lived on blueberries and alligator eggs all the time."

A cracked noise came from Black Boy who was standing listening nearby.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the Boss, turning to him.

"Nothing!" and Black Boy hurried off.

After the acrobats had listened to the boss' opinion of such fools and cowards, they slunk out to wreak vengeance on Boney. But whenever the story was told, Black Boy always seemed to know a little more, and somehow no one ever learned what it was!

* * * *

NATURE'S EVENING PEACE

JANET THOMPSON, 9A-L.

The brook sings on so gaily,
Pink clouds go floating by;
The tall pines sway so gently
While by the brook I lie.

The birds among the branches
Are singing sweet and low;
And little yellow finches
Are hopping to-and-fro.

The sun-specks on the moss-mat
Are fading now to red.
I hear the winged Black-Bat
That's circl'ing round my head.

The stars begin appearing;
The full moon mounts the sky;
The clouds behind her trailing,
Can't hide her, though they try.

I hear the brook's low murmur'ring;
The air is sweet perfumed;
The Whip-Poor-Will is calling—
Are night's clear noises tuned?

The dew drops now are falling,
The woods are at their best,
For Nature's cradle's rocking,
And all the world's at rest.

CLASS PROPHECY

Two decades have elapsed and May thirtieth has rolled around once again. Knowing that the Granite Chips' Staff is always busily engaged on this day (a fact verified by the noise of the typewriters floating through the open windows) we stroll into the familiar old red brick building. The officers are, as usual, in a state of turmoil, for the 1949 Staff cannot think of an especially good feature for their publication, due in three weeks.

"Going by the 'Exchange,' the Alumni is the weakest spot of the magazine. How would it be to have the complete census of one of our past classes?" asks the Editor-in-Chief of "Granite Chips."

"Splendid!" comments the whole staff unanimously.

As fate would have it the job of taking the census of our class falls on us. Thereupon, we rush over to Herbert Evans' Airport and hire a Bruce MacLeod airplane which, to our surprise, is driven by James Dennehy. In less than five minutes we arrive at the main airport owned by John Kroesser and Sons.

The giant motors throb! The massive grey craft glides slowly upwards! We're off! The captain, William Woodbury, introduces us to Doris Van Bibber, the hostess, who aids us in our quest by telling us that Louise Rood, a world famed modernistic artist, is on board the plane. We are able to check two more names from our list when we discover, upon entering the gymnasium, that Anna Halloran is swimming instructor and Eleanor Strout is in charge of the gym. Before we have completed our inspection of the craft, we alight in New York on the roof of the Louis Martin Airplane Supply Company.

The passengers descend by means of elevators installed by the George Williams Elevator Co. While walking

along Broadway we unconsciously follow the crowd which is headed toward the F. C. Brodil Theater. We are amazed at the magnificent structure; and upon inquiring, we find that Foster Cleveland and Charles Johnston were the architects, and George Mason and Francis Wilbur, the electricians.

Recognizing the name of the theater owner, we request admission to his sanctum. Mr. Brodil (who still retains his school-girl complexion) is overjoyed to see us and offers to help us in our search. He takes us backstage and introduces us to a number of our former class-mates. William McEvoy and Carl Backman are stagehands while Marion Flannery is in charge of the wardrobe. He then escorts us to a box where we may view the interior of the theater. The front rows are occupied by distinguished people. Upon looking carefully at them we notice a number of familiar faces. There is Paul Wateroff, graduate of West Point and Major in the army; a few seats to his left we notice a man whose picture has been in the paper frequently and it turns out to be Alex Williamson, the well-known specialty dancer. The lights grow dim and the orchestra platform slowly rises. We listen with eagerness, for we discover by the program that the overture was composed by Stewart Smith, the leader. After this opening selection a violin solo is rendered by Herbert Simmons, who now flaunts a mustache. Then our old friend Bill Nash does his bit on the cornet. Other numbers of the orchestra are: Karin Johnson, Elmer Bostrom, and Leo Sullivan; the latter claims his excellence is due to practice obtained in the Kappa Beta Kappa Minstrel Show given at Central. As the last strains of music float away the beautiful curtain, slowly and majestically rises.

The grandeur of the scenery dazzles us and Mr. Brodil explains with pride,

that it is the work of Joseph Santagata, world renowned designer of stage effects.

Like nymphs and paragons the "Dorothy MacLean Revue" dances felicitously onto the stage. It is composed entirely of C. J. H. School girls. They are: Viola Lewis, Martha Coggan, Margaret Ward, and Edith Anderson. The next feature is another hit! It is an old-fashioned puppet show presented by Joseph Spear with the aid of Ralph Moorhead. Among the other acts is one entitled "The Mac and Mar Twins." We are surprised when we find by our program that they are Ruth and Mary MacDonough and Alice and Alma Marchant. Ruth and Mary's freckles are slightly larger and add much hilarity to the success of the performance.

Following this is the Television. The first picture is from Florida where the drainage of the Everglades is nearing its completion. We see a tall, lanky, fidgety individual with a long name who tells us of his life-long ambition, the draining of the Everglades. He is introduced by the Mayor of Florida, Robert Craig, as the Hon. Sibley Higginbotham.

The next news flash comes from the Teachers' Conference held at St. Louis every five years. The huge convention hall is crowded with prominent teachers of the world. The first speaker is Ruth Davis, president of the school committee of the U. S. Miss Davis fits her position to perfection, an out-standing example of the result of insistent study. She wears horn-rimmed glasses as further evidence of this. There are many other "schoolmarms," several of whom got their start in Central. They are Anna Hagerty, supervisor of Boston Colleges, Barbara Gervais, principal of Blackburn and her assistant, Marian Garrick. We also see Ragnhild Lindbergh, who has taken up the vocation

of school library work. She is still the quiet, reserved person she was at Central. Of course there were reporters galore from papers all over the country, for this gathering had a special significance, the topic being "Whether or Not Children Should Be Taught Wholly by Radio." The only one we recognize is Dorothy Dahl of the "World News." Dot still has her curly locks but pays less attention to them than she did during school hours. Nothing else in the theater aids our work so we depart immediately after bidding our friends good bye.

On our way to the "All Star Game" at the Quincy Stadium we are caught in a terrific traffic jam, which is broken up by George Thorne, air policeman on duty. George is known by all the fliers and his loquaciousness is the cause of many traffic hold-ups.

On arriving, we purchase our tickets from Arthur Sadlier. After what seems an eternity, the baseball game of the season commences. Pete Clancy, captain of the "All Star" team is first at bat. From then on the game is of tense interest and excitement; and of course concludes in favor of the "All Star" team with a score of 14-13. Among the players are three other shining stars whom we recognize as Robert MacArthur, Babe Ruth the second; Norman Moberg, and Dick Neilson.

After witnessing this well-played game, we return to the Editorial Staff with the report. Much to our joy, the Editor says that he has secured additional names from another source. We learn that Gladys Frazier and Ellen Cummings are secretaries to Eddie Hammond, successor to Will Rogers (although he does not chew gum). Dr. Herbert Jerome Crowley is a heart specialist. Kathryn Folmsbee is director of the Academy of Speech Arts, while Irene Wiitala is pianist for the some institution. Caroline Russel is a manufacturer of cosmetics; Joe Shep-

pard is preparing for his appearance as Romeo in "Romeo and Juliet." Opposite him plays Adrienne Sullivan, a dark-haired Juliet.

After looking through this list we happen to glance at a news item in the Ledger and discover that there is to be an elaborate christening of a yacht at the George Bartlett Yacht Basin. The luxurious yacht is christened by its owner's youngest child, who is the daughter of Warren Kirkland, the renowned contractor. Through the courtesy of Mr. Kirkland, we are allowed admission to the ceremony.

The captain, Gorden Kelley, escorts us around the ship and introduces us to the crew. Helen Mackie is the ship dietitian and we are given the privilege of tasting her excellent cooking in the main dining-room, where dinner is served by Jerry Keefe, head waiter.

Miss Cole wires us that she has a report that Claire Harcourt is a nurse in the newly organized African Missionary Hospital, with James Ellis at its head. To verify this fact, we fly in a monoplane sedan to Africa where we find both members of our class. With them are Mary Franczkiewsy, Doris Nelson, and Virginia Parlin. We find them trying to soothe a poor old lady who has a toothache. While we are in Africa we go to Kimberly where we intend to visit the diamond mines. We are not allowed inside the mine area but we go to the main office where, much to our surprise, we find Marion Harvey and Gertrude Allen are stenographers. When we ask them how they ever acquired jobs so far from home, they answer that the Foreign Employment Agency conducted by Philip Marco, secured them their positions and would supply us with one if we so desire. Although our friends try to gain admission to the mines for us, we are not allowed to enter and depart in despair.

We hasten to the telegraph office to

communicate with the editors of "Granite Chips." The head of the telegram slip bears the name Joseph Corkery, owner of this system. The slip is passed to the clerk, who, upon recognizing the address, identifies himself as Richard Long. During our communication we inform him of the reason for the telegram and because of the lack of time he helps us temporarily. Working in the same firm are: Russel Curry, Hazel Foley, and Dorothy DeCoste. Our merry reunion is interrupted by the hurried entrance of a short, chubby, puffing yellow-haired gentleman. After he sends his ten words, Dick glances up surprised and says, "Egon Bergsteadt, put 'er there!" Egon is the same "boy", and is making a great success of his engineering vocation.

A plane leaves in fifteen minutes for Australia! We race frantically to the airport and succeed in seating ourselves breathlessly in our seats. Tragedy of tragedies! when we are over the middle of the ocean, the pilot finds that he is out of fuel! Consequently we have to make a forced landing on the water. As we sit on deck waiting for the ship which our operator has wired, a huge shape looms on the horizon. When it steams nearer we notice that on it is a sign, "George Kinnaird Co. Floating Repair Shop." Finally it roars up to us and a dirty man in greasy overalls, boards our craft to replenish the fuel. He is one of Kinnaird's chief mechanics and is William Leggatt. Once again we start on our flight and arrive in Melbourne with no further accidents. During our sightseeing tour of the city we visit the "Aldrich Ostrich Farm," conducted by John Aldrich (see class census) who shows us around. He tells us that he has sold many ostriches to the nationally known John Wilson Circus, which we learn employs Harry Histen as aerial feat supervisor and Edna Bagnall, who does feature tight-rope walking.

After leaving Melbourne, we go to Sidney to inspect the Commercial Bank of this town. We know the president to be Ruth Weston and she is assisted by vice-president Janet Thompson. Two of the cashiers also belonged to the June '29 class. It is a mystery to us how they wandered way out to Australia. They are Olga Smith and Dorothy Murphy.

Realizing that Australia's newest city was planned by Cornelius Vantwiver, we go to inspect it. It is truly worthy of the world's comments as it excels Washington and Paris in architectural beauty. Assisting him were Richard Butterworth and Joseph King.

Our next place of visitation is Venice, where, at the invitation of Grace Holton we visit her exhibit of women's art in her gallery. One picture entitled "The Merry Minstrels," by Dorothy Hunt, we know to be a reproduction of the star act in the Kappa Beta Kappa Minstrel Show. Several marvelous pictures, the work of Dorothy Atwood, occupy places of honor. Dorothy Morrison, who has won fame by her children's pictures is present at the exhibition and takes us to her private studio where we enjoy a delightful hour admiring her works.

From Venice we go to Switzerland, arriving just in time to see the annual sports day at St. Moritz. Competing with the world's most famous ski jumpers we find Ruth Lawrence and Frances Howley. Among the judges we find Frank Herlihy, Mary Howard, and Cornelius Sullivan, prominent sport supporters. The prizes are later awarded by Frances Johnson, to our class mates who already have a large stock of prize cups. In the skating rink are Barbara King and Grace Stevens. In the immense crowd of spectators, one of the most outstanding is Irene Lawton, society queen, George Sabean, well-known broker, and his secretary, Marg-

aret Smith, are here also on their much needed vacation.

Because we have only a very few names left we start back to Quincy. On the way we stop in Washington, D. C., where we find that Lester Peterson, during the time we have been gone, has been elected president and is said to be the largest man ever to take the oath. Some of the doors in the White House had to be enlarged to accommodate his great stature.

While in the Congressional Library, one of us grasp the bright idea of looking for members of our class as authors of books. The dust flies for some time and between us we have a pile of books with author's names familiar to us. One, "How I Grew Tall" by Frances McGillvary; a heavy volume, "How to Keep Quiet" by Cora Roberts, another; and here is a pile of fiction books by Ella Bonyman, who had plenty of practice by being secretary of our class. A book on mathematics entitled, "What Good is Math?" by Bertil Peterson, and a number of autobiographies by John Cosgrove, famous actor; Evelyn Anderson, gymnast; and Myrtle Will, second only to I. Will in the business world, complete our list. The librarians who helped us find the books, saw that we were taking names of the class of June '29 at Central and two who recognized some of the names told us that they were Doris Smith, and Katherine Johnson.

While at the U. S. Patent Office, Vernon Waldron came in with a noiseless tinfoil candy wrapper which he wished to patent. Its purpose is to eliminate noises in theaters.

At the National Museum, Edson Tribble, a scientist and member of our class shows us around. A large airplane used by Charles Waldron in reaching Mars is an interesting exhibit. Pieces of ironphite, which the moon is made of were obtained by Roderick MacLennan, after risking his life by

being shot up in a rocket and coming down in a parachute, form another interesting exhibit.

Leaving the museum we hop into a taxi and go to the Mildred Whitney Cafe for luncheon. It is quite the club of Washington and caters to the elite of the city. Here we are served by Gertrude Mahon who has been head waitress since the establishment of the business. In the lobby we find that Sybil Pamplin is clerk and is aided by Edna Taylor. We meet the well known Barbara Rice, who is president of the Joy Spreaders Club, which is a beloved charity institution throughout the states. With her is Elizabeth Baxter, secretary to the same organization. Miss Rice and her shadow (E. B.) are especially busy at this time planning to build a home for crippled children now living in the slums.

On our way back to Quincy we stop over in New York City where our old friend, Joe Connor, now Mayor, escorts us on our tour of the "Big Town." At the Television Studio, station W. B. C. A., in Madison Gardens, Dick Koons, now known as the second Graham McNamee, is the chief announcer. He says, "I have achieved my great success because of my good start in announcing the Marionette Club Show at Central." He is now announcing a boxing match in which John (Kid) Ryan is a participant. In the audience are: Quincy Lothrop, well known fairy tale writer; and Philip Bogan, architect of many beautiful buildings, who was encouraged in his work by his mechanical drawing studying at Central.

After this, the Quincy Musical Club, guests of the combined New York Choruses, give an operetta entitled "School Days" from the same station. George Tarr has the leading part with Clifford Cox following. George's voice, although several tones deeper, and much huskier is the same as that which

graced Central's Operetta, "The Prince of Martinique."

The given time for completing this task has almost expired and we still have a few more folk to find. Our next day's tramp is rewarded when we find Mildred Lindgren employed in the Eleanor Burdakin Bonnet Shoppe as manageress.

Last, but not least, is Doris Lantz, whom we find after advertising for her in the "World's Evening News." Doris is treasurer of the Boston Federal Reserve Bank. If she is as efficient as she was as treasurer of the 9A-class, she certainly must be a credit to her employer.

Now that all this is done and returned to "Granite Chips" we are going to take the next train to the nearest Sanitarium.

JANE FERRIS.

KENNETH BURNHAM.

* * * *

"OUR MASTER"

Beside a spreading chestnut tree,
Our tall schoolmaster stands;
Our chief, a mighty golfer he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his masterly arms,
Are strong as iron bands.

Saturday, upon the links,
From morn till sun is low,
You can see him swing his favorite club,
With measured swing and slow.
If he plays at golf as he leads our school
He'll win the cup we know!

BARBARA E. MUNDIE, 9B-JB.

* * * *

"JUNE"

Oh! The sun has just risen
Over the hill tops gray,
Everything is so lively,
In this world so gay.

All the beautiful roses,
So delightful and gay
Aren't asleep but wide open,
On this summer day.

All the birds in the forest,
Singing a happy tune,
Send a thrill through every one,
This lovely day of June.

LINNEA HALLGREN, 8B-1.

THE AVIATOR'S CONTEST

By Emma Wight, 9B-L

Kenneth Young, a sturdy lad of fifteen, was just starting to read the morning paper, when suddenly his eyes spied the following:—

"Become an Aviator!"

A contest for boys from fifteen to eighteen who wish to become aviators will be held, at ten o'clock, Tuesday morning at the "Sky High" Airport. Here a test flight will be given each boy; and the one best fitted to become an aviator will be allowed the privilege of obtaining free instruction at the airport until he receives his pilots licence. Come! be an aviator! Enter the contest at the "Sky High" Airport next Tuesday.

Quickly jumping up, Ken hastened to the kitchen, where his mother was busily washing dishes.

"Mum, look!" he cried excitedly, pointing to the contest advertisement in the paper. "Here is a free chance for me to become an aviator."

"Goodness, gracious, Ken! What are you talking about?" demanded his mother, looking up from her work.

"Read it!" answered Ken, handing the paper to his mother.

"Why, it surely sounds interesting," she replied, after reading it.

"I should say it was interesting. Hasn't that always been my one ambition? Well, here is a chance for someone to be an aviator without even having to pay for instruction. Of course, I may not be that 'someone.' But please may I enter the contest and try?" asked Ken.

"Yes, you may go," his mother hesitatingly replied, "but you know, now that your father is dead, you are all I have, so don't take any risks, Ken."

The following Tuesday found about twenty boys at the airport eagerly watching the mechanics who were repairing the planes. All seemed im-

patiently awaiting the hour of ten. At last the longed-for hour arrived. Presently a tall aviator walked toward the boys, who quickly assembled around him.

"I believe you boys are here this morning to enter the Aviator's Contest. I am the aviator who will try you out. My name is Campbell," he explained to them. "Now all you boys line up here and give me your names. I shall take you up alphabetically so, as I read your name, please step forward and form in line along the outside of the fence here."

Presently all the boys were in line, Ken being at the very end, for his name "Young," was the last in the alphabetical arrangement.

Next the aviator entered the gate of the flying field and prepared his plane. The first boy, John Allen, walked up to it. Campbell strapped a parachute onto John and another on himself. Then they both stepped into the plane, fastening their safety belts and were soon off. The remaining boys watched the plane as it sailed high above their heads. In a few minutes it returned to the field and the first boy, pale and trembling, stepped out, remarking, "That's enough for me!"

One by one the different boys went up and came down, until at last it was Ken's turn. He strapped on the parachute, stepped into the plane and fastened the safety belt, as had all the other boys. Then the plane gradually went up. Higher, higher, higher it went. Suddenly Campbell shouted to Ken, "Step out on the left wing, kid!"

Ken started to, but a sudden fear came over him "Suppose I should fall?" he thought.

But then he remembered that this would either make him or break him, and he must become an aviator. So he cautiously stepped out on the wing.

Campbell called again. "Jump! Count three slowly before you pull the

string. Make sure you're clear of the plane, though," he warned.

Ken paused a minute; "Jump!" he thought, "How can I?"

Up to now he had thought that going out on the wing was merely a method of testing his courage, but now that the motor had stopped he knew something was wrong. He must jump, so closing his eyes and loosening his tight grasp on the plane, he jumped.

He counted three slowly, pulled the string, and with a violent jerk, the parachute opened.

Now feeling safe a minute he wondered what had become of Campbell. But glancing up he saw him just as he jumped from the plane which was now zig-zagging dizzily toward the earth. Several seconds later, Campbell's parachute opened like a huge umbrella, and now both were gently drifting downward.

Ken glanced below and found, to his relief, that an open field was below them. At last his feet touched it, and after being dragged along the ground a few feet by the parachute he sank in the deep grass of the field where he had fallen. He stood up and found that he had only received a few bruises, in spite of his fall.

After gazing about him for a minute or so he began to wonder what had happened to Campbell, where he had landed, and what had become of the plane. So he started walking along the edge of the field. Within a few minutes he saw Campbell advancing toward him uninjured. They greeted each other with delight and Campbell seemed greatly pleased to find Ken quite without injury, too. Together they started to hunt for the lost plane. They decided to walk through the near-by woods, for Campbell had seen it heading in that direction. As they advanced through the woods they carefully looked about them.

Suddenly Ken cried, "There! see it over there!" pointing to the right.

They hurried over and found it badly wrecked, for one wing was broken, the motor completely demolished, to say nothing of numerous minor injuries. After examining it carefully, Campbell said that as they could do nothing about it at present they might as well go to some farmhouse and get something to eat. Then they could get the plane the next day.

"Well," asked Campbell as they started walking along, "do you still want to become an aviator?"

"Yes, I surely do," Ken assured him.

"Then I guess you won the contest all right, for from today's experience I have found that you possess the two most necessary qualities. You have courage, and you are cool-headed! I know you will succeed as an aviator," declared Campbell, as he slapped Ken on the back.

* * * *

A THOUGHT

I have just found out today
Why some folk sulk and some are gay.
Those that are sad look down and find
The puddles and the mud and slime,
But those that smile look towards the sky
And see life's beauties scudding by.

DOROTHY HUNT, 9A-H.

* * * *

MY PET

Have you a pet?
They are loads of fun,
If you haven't one now,
You ought to get one.

My pet is a dog,
His name is "Spot,"
He's a nice little thing,
But his temper is hot.

He once killed a kitty,
A nice one, too,
'Twas a terrible pity,
But what could we do?

This tale I must close
But I tell you this,
If you don't own a pet
Much fun you will miss!

EILEEN MARCY, 8B-1.

"JOYS OF WASHING DISHES"

Packs of them, stacks of them
Piled upon the shelf.
"Scrub them and rub them,"
How I pity my poor self!

Toiling and boiling,
I spring up to them there.
Attack them and rack them,
No, it is not fair!

I really could abolish them,
Instead, I simply polish them.
How can I merely beam at them
I feel that I must scream at them.

Packs of them, stacks of them
Still upon the shelf.
I scrub them and rub them
And am sorry for myself.

But now, at last, when they're all done
I laugh at feeling blue.
I wonder now if you know how
I feel since I am through?

MARGARET HIGGINBOTHAM, 8B-1

* * * *

A BOND' MAID'S ADVENTURE

EVELYN RANKIN, 8A-JB.

"Sarah, Sarah," cried Mrs. Williams. Suddenly Sarah was roughly awakened by a shaking. "You lazy vagabond, how many times do you want me to call you to take care of the baby? How do you think I will get my work done?" cried Mrs. Williams.

Sarah who had lived with Mrs. Williams for five years, was a bond maid. Her mother and father were drowned or rescued, no one knew which, when they were on a trip from America to England in 1761. Sarah had only been a baby and she was rescued by a sailor who took her to his mother in America. His mother, Granny Hayes, although she was very poor, had cared for her until she died. Sarah was eight years old when Granny died and she was taken to Mr. Haywood, the minister, who found her a home at Mrs. Williams' as a bond maid.

Sarah was not lonely, as there were little Mary and the baby for company. And, although she was treated rather roughly by her mistress, Mr. Williams

was very kind to her. However, she did not notice him very often. Sarah had a very dreamy nature and would stray into the haymow and dream of being free and of what she would do if she were.

It was on the very next morning that Mr. Williams said, "I am going to town, Sarah, and I will need your help in carrying what I am going to buy, so saddle old Jenny and come along."

Sarah did as she was told and they started for the town which was about ten miles away. When they arrived, the market was very busy. People were standing in groups talking about the war and children were playing in the street. Mr. Williams told Sarah to get off her horse and sit by the town water pump and wait for him. Obediently Sarah did so.

Suddenly there was a loud shout! "The Tories! The Tories! They are coming." There was a wild scramble and in five minutes the market was empty, except for Sarah sitting at the fountain, knowing not what to do.

Before she knew it she was roughly handled and put on her horse. Sarah had been captured by the British!

Three days they rode, and on the fourth day they came to a large town. Here Sarah was taken to General Howes who was entertaining some friends who had just come from England to visit him. As she entered the room, she heard a loud cry.

"My Priscilla!" and the lady who cried, fainted.

As soon as she had recovered, she said to Sarah, "Who are you?" Sarah told her and the lady, who was greatly excited, asked, "Have you anything of your mother's with you?"

Sarah drew forth a golden locket and showed it to the lady who cried with delight, "You are my child whom I lost at sea so many years ago. As soon

as I had seen your auburn hair I knew
you were mine. This locket was mine
for I placed it around your neck for
you to play with, just before the ac-
cident. Sarah, you are a young duchess

and your right name is Priscilla."

Three weeks later, there was seen a
happy girl with her parents crossing the
sea for England.

DOROTHY QUINCY

What would you do, fair Colonial maid,
If you lived at the present day?
Would you be sedate, demure and shy?
Tell me the truth, I pray.

Would you like to sew on your sampler gay
And dance with stately tread,
Or would you prefer to play some golf,
Or a fox trot dance instead?

Would you really enjoy a daily ride
In your glistening coach and bay?
Wouldn't you prefer a motor car
And speed the live-long day?

Would you have your skirts to the ground
To hide your dear little feet?
Or would you display your silken hose
And your dainty ankles neat?

I often wonder as I pass your house,—
Set there mid stately trees,—
Just how you would have spent your time
If you'd lived in days like these.

DORIS VAN BIBBER, 9A.

NOT MUCH!

This spring has been so fine—
It never rains!

Not Much!

Our Latin is so nice—
No homework, Oh!

Not Much!

In the halls we always walk,
We always do!

Not Much!

We never run up stairs
To lunch—Oh no!

Not Much!

The plants in good Room 4
Need water, Say—

Not Much!

Miss Vaughan is never seen
In any hurry—No!

Not Much!

Does Lester use his face
In English Class? Oh my!

Not Much!

In this gay poem there's lots of rhyme,
Oh yes there is!

Not Much!

KENNETH BURNHAM, 9A-L.

CLASS CENSUS

<i>Aldrich, John</i>	"Ostrich"	<i>Burdakin, Elinor</i>	"Birdy"
Library Staff; Board of Health. "Honor lies in honest toil."		Hiking; Chess Club. "What thou art, we know not."	
<i>Allen, Gertrude</i>	"Gertie"	<i>Burnham, Kenneth</i>	"K"
Arts and Crafts. "Dark eyes—eternal soul of pride!"		Chess Club; Granite Chips; H. R. Secretary. "His words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him lightly at command."	
<i>Anderson, Edith</i>	"Babes"	<i>Butterworth, Richard H.</i>	"Dick"
Hiking Club; Chess; Drawing; Secretary of Home Room. "Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee Jest, and youthful jollity."		Instrumental Club. "The hidden soul of harmony."	
<i>Anderson, Evelyn</i>	"Eve"	<i>Clancy, Peter</i>	"Pete"
Vice.-Pres. Leaders' Club; Board of Health; Basketball; Slugball; Cheer Leader; Gym Leader. "The greatest happiness comes from the greatest activity."		Soccer; Touch Football; Basketball; Board of Health; Leaders' Club; Baseball. His delight is in the dance!"	
<i>Atwood, Dorothy</i>	"Dot"	<i>Cleveland, Foster</i>	"Fossy"
Dramatics, Arts and Crafts, Traffic. "Her fancy dwelling in this dusky hall."		Model Aeroplane Club; Leaders' Club; Baseball. "Genius does what it must, talent does what it can."	
<i>Bachman, Stirling</i>	"Carl"	<i>Cogan, Martha</i>	
Camping Club; Art Club; Senior Dramatics; Chess Club; Basketball; Baseball. "The enthusiastic and pleasing illusions of youth."		Marionette Club. "Genius must be born, and never can be taught."	
<i>Bagnall, Edna</i>		<i>Cohen, Althea</i>	"Trixie"
Senior Dramatics; Leaders' Club. "True worth is in being, not seeking."		Dramatics; Traffic; Slugball. "Her virtues are great, her faults are little."	
<i>Bartlett, George</i>	"Podgy"	<i>Connor, Joseph</i>	"Joe"
Model Aeroplane Club. "His heart and sentiments were free, his appetite was hearty."		Instrumental Club; Kappa Beta Kappa; Orchestra; Operetta; Dramatics; Chess Club; Traffic; Councilor-at-large. "Every one is the architect of his own fortune."	
<i>Baxter, Elizabeth</i>	"Betty"	<i>Corkerey, Joseph</i>	"Joe"
Arts and Crafts Club. "There is no knowledge that is not power."		Orchestra; Chess Club. "Laugh and be fat."	
<i>Bergstedt, Egon</i>	"Peanuts"	<i>Cosgrove, John</i>	"Juny"
Class Play; Dramatics; Baseball. "Unthinking, wild, idle, and young."		Senior Dramatics; Chess Club. "A harmless lad, with a baby's face."	
<i>Bogan Philip</i>	"Phil"	<i>Cox, Clifford</i>	"Coxy"
Chess Club; Checker Club; Model Aeroplane Club. "The best things come in small packages."		Model Aeroplane Club; Dramatics; Operetta; Baseball; Glee Club. "Youth is wholly experimental."	
<i>Bonyman, Ella</i>	"Bunny"	<i>Craig, Robert</i>	"Craigy"
Arts and Crafts; Dramatics; Library Staff; Secretary 9A Class. "Laugh and the world laughs with you."		Track Team, Checker Club. "The blast that blows hardest is soon over blown."	
<i>Bostrom, Elmer</i>	"El"	<i>Crowley, Herbert</i>	"Herbie"
Traffic; Orchestra; Chess Club; Art Club. "Music is pleasing to his ear."		Granite Chips; Kappa Beta Kappa; Library Staff; Gym Leaders. "Friends, Romans, countrymen, Lend me your ears!"	
<i>Brodin, Frank</i>	"Candy"		
Ward Councilor; Library Staff; Kappa Beta Kappa, Marionette Club. "A merry lad with willing ways."			

<i>Cummings, Ellen</i>	"Red"	<i>Frazier, Gladys</i>	"Gladdy"
Hiking Club; Arts and Crafts; Art Club; "Honest labor bears a lovely face."		Senior Dramatics; Traffic. "Tis well to be merry and wise."	
<i>Curry, Russell</i>	"Russ"		
Dramatic Club; Glee Club. "One may smile and smile and be a villian."			
<i>Dahl, Dorothy</i>	"Dot"		
Library Staff; Traffic Lieutenant; Leaders Club; 9B H. R. Treasurer. "Blest with that charm, the certainty to please."			
<i>Davis, Ruth</i>	"Rufie"		
Granite Chips, Marionette Club; Drama- tics; Traffic; Library Staff. "The only jewel which will not decay is knowledge."			
<i>DeCoste, Dorothy</i>	"Dot"		
Dramatic Club; Cooking Club; Hiking Club. "I would help others, out of a fellow feel- ing."			
<i>Dennehy, James</i>	"Denny"		
Leaders' Club; Soccer; Baseball; Model Aeroplane Club. "Hold the fort! I am coming!"			
<i>Ellis, James</i>	"Elsie"		
Kappa Beta Kappa; Library Staff; Gym Leader; Instrumental Club; Operetta; Touch Football; Traffic; Baseball. "He who appreciateth the fairer sex."			
<i>Evans, Herbert</i>	"Herb"		
Granite Chips; Chief of Traffic; Kappa Beta Kappa; Gym Leader. "Thought is deeper than all speech."			
<i>Ferris, Jane</i>	"Snooks"		
Granite Chips; Library Staff; Orchestra; Instrumental Club; Traffic; Board of Health. "None knew her but to love her nor named her but to praise."			
<i>Flannery, Marion</i>	"Flanners"		
Traffic; Senior Dramatics; Handwork Club. "Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."			
<i>Foley, Hazel</i>			
Hiking Club. "Speech is great; but silence is greater."			
<i>Folmsbee, Katheryn</i>	"Kay"		
Arts and Crafts; Lieut. of Board of Health; Marionette Club. "Thy fair hair my heart enchain'd."			
<i>Franszkiewszy, Mary</i>	"Franny"		
Senior Dramatic Club. "A happy heart maketh a cheerful coun- tenance."			
<i>Garrison, Marian</i>			
Operetta; Marionette Club. "Gentle mannered, kind and true."			
<i>Gervais, Barbara</i>	"Girlie"		
Board of Health; Senior Dramatics. "Speech is better than silence: but silence is better than speech."			
<i>Hagerty, Anna</i>	"Betty"		
Marionette Club; Handwork Club; Traffic. "Moderation, the noblest gift of Heaven."			
<i>Halloran, Anna</i>			
Leaders' Club; Chairman of the Board of Health; Basketball; Cheer Leader; Slug- ball. "From the top of her head to the sole of her feet she is all mirth!"			
<i>Hammond, Edward</i>	"Eddie"		
Granite Chips; Library Staff; Traffic; Kappa Beta Kappa. "To live long, it is necessary to live slowly."			
<i>Harcourt, Claire</i>			
Marionette Club. "Hope is but the dream of those that wake."			
<i>Harvey, Marion</i>	"Scotty"		
Cooking Club; Fife, Drum, and Bugle Corps. "Give me but one hour of Scotland, Let me see it ere I die."			
<i>Haward, Mary</i>	"Winky"		
Treasurer of Room 11 in 8AL2; Hiking Club. "O Romeo, Romeo!, wherefore art thou Romeo?"			
<i>Howley, Frances</i>			
Home Room Treasurer; Fife, Drum, and Bugle Corps. "Bang—whang—whang, goes the drum, tootle—te—tootle the fife."			
<i>Herlehy, Francis</i>	"Hercules"		
Chess Club. "Plumpness has its virtues."			
<i>Higginbotham, Sibley</i>	"Professor"		
Chess Club; Granite Chips; Operetta. "His virtues formed the magic of his song."			
<i>Histen, Harry</i>			
Model Aeroplane Club; Chief of Fire; Kappa Beta Kappa; Dramatics; H. R. Treasurer. "I am monarch of all I survey."			

<i>Hunt, Dorothy</i>	"Dot"	<i>Lantz, Doris</i>	"Dot"
Dramatics; Arts and Crafts. "Take time for deliberation; haste spoils everything."		Arts and Crafts Club; Treasurer of 9A Class; Secretary of H. R. 1; Assistant Gym Leader. "Let us be seen by our deeds."	
<i>Johnson, Frances</i>	"Franny"	<i>Lawrence, Ruth</i>	"Ruthie"
Junior Red Cross; Handwork Club; Dramatics; Traffic. "You speak as one who feeds on poetry."		Granite Chips. "What, art quarreling so soon?"	
<i>Johnson, Karin</i>	"Boby"	<i>Lawton, Irene</i>	
9B H. R. Councilor; Board of Health; Instrumental Club; Granite Chips; Orchestra; Traffic. "Of all noises, I think music is the least disagreeable."		Cooking Club. "A good heart is better than all the heads in the world."	
<i>Johnson, Katherine</i>		<i>Leggett, William</i>	"Bill"
Library Staff; Glee Club. "Find the mind's construction in the face."		Senior Dramatics. "A right merry little man."	
<i>Johnston, Charles</i>	"Chick"	<i>Lewis, Viola</i>	"Vi"
Model Aeroplane Club; Arts and Crafts; Fife, Drum, and Bugle Corps. "A boy's will is the wind's will!"		Captain of Chess Club 9B; Hiking Club. "She adds honor to the ancestral name."	
<i>Keefe, Jerry</i>		<i>Lindbergh, Ragnhild</i>	"Lindy"
Gym Leader. "I must down to the seas again."		Secretary of 8A Class; Arts and Crafts Club; Traffic. "A pleasing maiden thou."	
<i>Kelley, Gorden</i>		<i>Lindgren, Mildren</i>	"Millie"
Kappa Beta Kappa; Library Staff; Traffic. "I am climbing a difficult road."		Hiking Club; Dramatics; Vice-President of Cooking Club. "Her hair is of an excellent colour; Auburn hair was ever the only colour."	
<i>King, Barbara</i>	"Barbs"	<i>Long, Richard</i>	"Dick"
Hiking Club. "She is oft the wisest one, who is not wise at all."		Traffic; Model Acroplane Club. "A man of pleasant ways."	
<i>King, Joseph</i>	"Joe"	<i>Lothrop, Quincy</i>	"Porky"
Chess Club. "A friend in need is a friend in deed."		Model Aeroplane Club; Book Lovers' Club; Story Tellers' Club. "Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright!"	
<i>Kinnaird, George</i>	"Scotty"	<i>MacArthur, Robert</i>	"Bob"
Model Aeroplane Club. "Nature is more powerful than education; Time will develop everything."		President 9B Class; Soccer; Touch Football; Baseball; Basketball; Granite Chips; Kappa Beta Kappa; Gym Leader. "A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."	
<i>Kirkland, Warren</i>	"Kirky"	<i>McDonough, Mary</i>	
Chess Club; Kappa Beta Kappa. "The manly part is to do with might and main, what you can do."		Fife and Drum Corps; Cooking Club; Hiking Club. "Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius."	
<i>Koons, Dick</i>	"Chick"	<i>McDonough, Ruth</i>	
Marionette Club; Baseball; Kappa Beta Kappa. "I never knew so small a body with so old a head."		Fife and Drum Corps; Cooking Club; Hiking Club. "Almost everything that is great has been done by youth."	
<i>Kroesser, John</i>	"Mayor"	<i>McEvoy, P. William</i>	"Bill"
Mayor; Granite Chips; Kappa Beta Kappa; Gym Leader; Baseball. "The old proverb about having too many irons in the fire is an abominable lie. Have all in, shovel, and poker."		Chess Club; Book Club. "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."	

<i>MacGillvary, Frances</i>	“Franny”	<i>Nash, William</i>	“Bill”
Hiking Club; Jr. Red Cross Club. “Speech is the index of the mind.”		Model Aeroplane Club; Traffic; Instrumental Club. “A public man of light and leading.”	
<i>Mackie, Helen</i>	“Mickie”	<i>Neilson, Richard</i>	“Dick”
Gym Leader; Fife and Bugle Corps; Cooking Club; Dramatics. “The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.”		Basketball; Kappa Beta Kappa; Model Aeroplane Club. “A most sensible and fit man.”	
<i>MacLean, Dorothy</i>	“Dot”	<i>Nelson, Doris</i>	“Dorie”
Leaders’ Club; Library Staff; Basketball; Cheer Leader; Home Room Secretary. “What sweet delight a quiet life affords.”		Glee Club; Board of Health. “Glory follows virtue as if it were its shadow.”	
<i>MacLennan, Roderick</i>	“Swede”	<i>Pamplin, Sybil</i>	“Sib”
Gym Leader; Touch Football. “His bark is worse than his bite.”		Leaders’ Club; Granite Chips. “My face in the mirror is but the shadow and phantom of myself.”	
<i>MacLeod, Bruce</i>	“Brucy”	<i>Parlin, Irene</i>	“Scotty”
Orchestra; Glee Club. “A happy disposition is a gift of nature.”		Senior Dramatics. “True friend is forever a friend.”	
<i>Mahon, Gertrude</i>	“Gerty”	<i>Peterson, Bertil</i>	“Bert”
Chess Club; Hiking Club. “Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.”		Arts and Crafts; Camping; Booklovers’ Club. “A mother’s pride, a father’s joy.”	
<i>Marchant, Alma</i>	“Twinnie”	<i>Peterson, Lester</i>	“Pete”
Hiking Club; Arts and Crafts Club. “The very pink of perfection.”		President of the Council; Editor in Chief of Granite Chips; Kappa Beta Kappa; President of 9A Class. “A large body with a large voice.”	
<i>Marchant, Alice</i>	“Twinnie”	<i>Rice, Barbara</i>	
Board of Health; Hiking Club. “As true as steel.”		Granite Chips. “Fear not the future, weep not the past.”	
<i>Marco, Philip</i>	“Phil”	<i>Roberts, Cora</i>	“Co”
Chess Club; Glee Club; Operetta; Fife, Drum, and Bugle Corps; Traffic. “Labor conquers everything.”		Sewing; Hiking; Traffic. “Her stature tall, I hate a dumpy woman.”	
<i>Martin, Louis</i>	“Louie”	<i>Rood, Louise</i>	
Leaders’ Club; Baseball. “It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.”		Granite Chips; Instrumental Club; Traffic; Arts and Crafts; Vice-President 9B Home Room. “In one soft look what language lies.”	
<i>Mason, George</i>		<i>Russell, Caroline</i>	“Carrie”
Granite Chips; Library Staff; Model Aeroplane Club. “Tell me, I beg you, the meaning of this.”		Secretary of Bird Club 8B; Hiking Club; Board of Health 8B; Orchestra. “The pen is mightier than the sword.”	
<i>Moberg, Norman H.</i>	“Blondy”	<i>Ryan, John</i>	“Johnny”
Basketball; Baseball; Traffic; Leaders’ Club. “Light is his hair and light his heart.”		Chess Club; Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps; Baseball. “Oh! for a day of rest!”	
<i>Moorhead, Ralph</i>		<i>Sabeen, George</i>	“Jiggs”
Basketball; Marionette Club. “O this learning, what a thing it is!”		Kappa Beta Kappa; Councilor-at-large; 9B; Granite Chips. “Wit now and then, struck smartly, shows a spark.”	
<i>Morrison, Dorothy</i>	“Dot”	<i>Sadlier, Arthur</i>	“Sonny”
Library Staff; Home Room Councilor. “I have a heart with room for every joy.”		Checker Club; Model Aeroplane. “Silence is golden.”	
<i>Murphy, Dorothy</i>	“Pat”		
Slugball; Junior Red Cross; Hiking Club. “Never a trouble, never a frown.”			

<i>Santagata, Joseph</i>	"Joe"	<i>Thorne, George</i>	"Larry"
Kappa Beta Kappa; Instrumental Club; Orchestra; Glee Club; Traffic; Home Room Councilor.		Dramatic Club. "Every inch of him that is not fool is rogue."	
"I will discourse most excellent music."			
<i>Sheppard, Joel</i>	"Joe"	<i>Tribble, Edson</i>	"Eddie"
"A man of fashion, neatly dressed."		Chess Club; Glee Club; Dramatics. "Tis well to be merry say I."	
<i>Simmons, Herbert</i>	"Simmy"	<i>Van Bibber, Doris</i>	"Doree"
Orchestra '29. "Thou living ray of Intellectual Fire."		News Editor of Granite Chips; Library Staff; School Clerk; Traffic Lieutenant; Secretary of 9B Home Room; Handwork Club. "A perfect girl, and nobly planned, To warn, to comfort, and command."	
<i>Smith, Doris</i>	"Buddy"	<i>Vantwiver, Cornelius</i>	"Neily"
Arts and Crafts; Library Staff; Traffic. "The only way to be useful is to set a good example first."		Board of Health; School Treasurer; Soccer; Kappa Beta Kappa; Granite Chips; Traffic; Gym Leader. "An affable and courteous gentleman."	
<i>Smith, Margaret</i>	"Peg"	<i>Waldron, Charles</i>	"Chuck"
Fife, Bugle, Drum Corps; Cooking Club. "Her smile is sweetened by her gravity."		Chess; Leaders' Club. "What a man kens, he can."	
<i>Smith, Olga</i>	"Smitty"	<i>Waldron, Vernon</i>	
Dramatic Club. "Small service is true service."		Senior Dramatic Club. "Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame."	
<i>Smith, Stewart</i>	"Stewie"	<i>Wateroff, Paul</i>	"Watty"
Instrumental Club; Orchestra; Kappa Beta Kappa. "All one's life is music if we touch the notes right and in tune."		Granite Chips. "Press on! a better fate awaits thee."	
<i>Spear, Joseph</i>	"Joe"	<i>Weston, Ruth</i>	"Woof"
Marionette Club '28 and '29. "Let us have audience for a word or two."		Glee Club; Operetta; Arts and Crafts. "A merry lass with sunny hair."	
<i>Stevens, Grace</i>	"Tibby"	<i>Whitney, Mildred</i>	"Milly"
Glee Club. "She had a face like a benediction."		Handwork Club; Dramatics. "A good heart is a letter of credit."	
<i>Strout, Eleanor M.</i>	"Teddy"	<i>Williams, George</i>	
Operetta Dramatics; Glee Club; Dramatic Club. "Thee and thy virtues I here seize upon."		Senior Dramatics; Traffic. "I would be strong for their is much to bear!"	
<i>Sullivan, Adrienne</i>	"Ad"	<i>Williams, Alexander</i>	"Alex"
Granite Chips '23 "A happy soul, that all the way To heaven hath a summer's day."		Leaders' Club; Basketball; Board of Health; Soccer. "One good laugh among many."	
<i>Sullivan, Cornelius</i>	"Neily"	<i>Wilson, Herbert</i>	"Pinocchio"
Chess 9B and 9A. "The world knows nothing of its greatest men."		Model Aeroplane Club. "Inquisitiveness personified."	
<i>Sullivan, Leo</i>	"Sully"	<i>Wilbour, Francis</i>	"Frenchy"
Instrumental Club; Glee Club. "A musician of note is he."		Chess Club. "Electricity, the flash of the age!"	
<i>Tarr, George</i>	"Tata"	<i>Woodbury, William</i>	"Bill"
Kappa Beta Kappa; Model Aeroplane; Operetta; Glee Club; Traffic Lieutenant; Gym Leader. "His style shows the man."		Traffic; Marionette Club; Kappa Beta Kappa. "The saxophone he doth play. My! My! Oi! Oi!"	
<i>Taylor, Edna</i>		<i>Wiitala, Irene</i>	"Renie"
Hiking Club. "She sitteth in silence."		Cooking Club. "A happy disposition is a gift of nature."	
<i>Thompson, Janet</i>	"Jan"		
Operetta; Dramatics; Glee Club; Orchestra; Library Staff; Traffic. "Is there a heart that music cannot melt?"			

EXCITEMENT IN ROOM FOUR

One bright afternoon in the month of May
When we had finished a hard school day,
From Miss Jane Ferris the shout arose,
"I see a rat! O there he goes!"

Miss Cole cried out, "O where? O where?"
While all the girls called, "There! there!
there!"

Then up jumped Lester, gallant and brave,
To see if he could find the knave.

And to his aid another came,
Tall Sibley Higginbotham by name;
The third male help was good Frank Brodil
Who began to yell and then to yodel.

And just to show her bravery
Janet Thompson joined the three;
And edging through the crowd there ran,
Our Herbert Simmons and Kenneth Burn-
ham.

Doris Van Bibber and Dorothy Dahl
Had nearly convulsions—but that is not all—
For gay Martha Cogan turned pale as could
be,
As also did brilliant Kathryn Folmsbee.

Then little Ruth Davis did run down the
hall,
And for the school cat, she loudly gave call;
While back in the closet of cheery Room
Four,
The people were franticly cleaning the floor.

Oh, out came some vases, gay posters, old
books,
The dust pan and brush were stript from
their hooks;
The teakettle's lid went spinning around,
But never a trace of that mouse could be
found.

And now I have told this humorous tale
Of finding that mouse—alack! we did fail—
But the closet was cleaned; yes, very well
done
If you've the least doubt, ask 9 A-L1!

RUTH DAVIS, 9A-L.

* * * *

THE ENVOY OF PEACE

PHYLLIS O'BRIAN, 9B-L.

Ivan, they called him, Ivan the hermit, and no one understood him. But still they loved him, loved in a simple manner as peasants would. In the little Russian town where he lived, Ivan was the general advisor and the leader of prayer. No important decision was ever made without his sage advice. Al-

ways he was blessed with the kind word and good will of everyone. He was loved for his simplicity and because he seemed to be nearer to God than they.

Watching him on the hill where he lived, walking back and forth all night long, they wondered, but knew not why he acted so. All they knew was that he was a Pole and about sixty years of age. Wondering as people do, some would ask why he chose to be a hermit, but he had no reply. They were not sure even, that John knew—John who had grown to like the hermit, and had been away to college, studying. One day, however, a native returned to this little Russian village and told the story of Ivan's early life.

"Years ago the good doctor of the village had found Ivan lying on his doorstep. He had reared the babe as though he were his own son, and Ivan grew to boyhood, living very happily with his foster father. Then into their lives came the leader of the Reds.

How it all happened, Ivan could not have said, but he remembered the night when the good doctor had demanded the leader of the Reds to apologize for the insulting remark he had made. The Red replied by striking the doctor, while one of his companions grabbed the boy, Ivan, and pushed him into the street. The Red was a Russian and had influence enough to have the doctor sent to a distant prison. Nor was the boy Ivan allowed to accompany him. In less than a year, word came back that the doctor was dead. How, no one knew.

Now Ivan was in the world alone. What loss he felt without the good doctor! What a change had come! The memory of his bitterness when they took the doctor away would never leave his heart—waiting, waiting, for a friend who would never return.

"Remember," the doctor had said, as he was taken away, "that you must



Scene from "THE PRINCE OF MARTINIQUE"

not hold any hatred for those who have wronged us. Forgive them and forget —start life anew and be brave. Do your best among the people."

What a battle took place in the fiery mind of Ivan, one side of him urging him to avenge the wrong committed against his foster father, the other, holding him back: The good battling the evil. Many a day and many a night saw the two spirits raging within him. The Good Spirit implored—"Come! Rise, forgive and forget! Banish your thought of revenge."

"Forgive?" the Evil spirit seemed to say, "Forgive only the dead. Seek the one who has wronged you. Seek him to slay him." No longer did he think he could restrain the tendency to remove this terrible Red curse. The power of good was strong in him, but he was growing weaker.

Then, one day, a strange person came to the village, a young man, from America, a novelist, looking for material; a man who was different from the natives, one whom they could trust, apparently. He was like water on a feverish brow, quieting and calming. The terror-stricken people were calmed by his happy words.

Ivan, the hermit met him on one of his infrequent visits to the village. The young American garnered a bit of the hermit's story from the town folk. Much interested, he determined to investigate to see if he could calm him. The poor hermit immediately opened his heart to him. He explained the tragedy of his early life. At first the novelist saw a fertile field for a novel, but his motive turned from a selfish desire to a noble one. He reasoned, pleaded with the hermit. The American himself was surprised at his own benevolent spirit, and that he was so interested in such an affair. He was a product of the new world, a man whose life had been devoted to pleasure and the pursuit of

happiness, one whose friends admired his ability as a writer. However, as a missionary of peace, quieting the wrath of a man whose life had been one of privation, not even the most intimate of his friends could place him.

A friendship grew from the first meeting. Many long conversations followed and slowly but surely the terrible hatred of Ivan was broken. The novelist's spirit had conquered the terrible hatred of Ivan the hermit. And the envoy of peace was this young American who had always given full play to his desires at home! A tragedy had been averted, for if Ivan had slain the Red, the whole town would have been devastated. The young American, having completed his work as an angel of mercy, went back to America to resume his writing.

Ivan, meanwhile, gathered together his meagre belongings and moved to the village where he lived the rest of his life in peace and happiness. Influenced by the kindness and pleadings of the young American, Ivan, with this terrible hatred gone from his heart, was devoting the rest of his life to the welfare of humanity. At last the peasants understood.

* * * *

QUINCY

Quincy has an airport,
It's on a little beach;
Where people go to get the air,
And pay five dollars each.

Quincy has a ship yard,
Where ships are built so sound;
They saved us during war-time,
And all the year around.

Quincy has fine quarries,
Which are noted for rare granite
That help to make our buildings,
Among the finest on this planet.

Quincy has fine beaches
Where people bathe for hours;
It's quite a well-known place,
This Granite City ours!

FRANK BRODIL, 9A-L.

THE KNIGHT

By Lelia Winn, 8A-L

I was walking along the highroad one bright afternoon when I spied a knight in full armor looking around perplexedly. He advanced and greeted me, "Kind sir, I wonder if ye wilt shew me the way to the Blue Peacock Tavern? I was journeying thither when night fell and I lay down beneath a large tree to rest. Upon awakening I found to mine displeasing that my knave of a serving boy had taken all mine goods and departed hence."

I could do nothing but look at him in amazement. I thought the poor fellow was mad. Just then a car sped towards us. The Knight jumped out into the road and cried, "Hold! villainous dragon, I would'st vanquish thee in fair fight."

The car stopped and a young man jumped out. "What in the name of blazes," he roared, "are you doing in the middle of the road? You will be killed if you don't look out." Then turning to me he asked, "Who is this crazy fool, anyway?"

"I'm sure I don't know," I said, "He came out of that field a minute ago and asked the way to the Blue Peacock Tavern. Never heard of it, have you?"

"Gad, he must have escaped from the lunatic asylum," the stranger said.

During our conversation the knight had been watching us stupidly. Now he advanced and spoke. "Fair sirs, wilt thee do me the kindness to point out the way to the tavern? There I wilt meet mine enemy the Lion Knight of Toxing. He has done me many an evil deed and I would'st vanquish him."

"Say, are you crazy or just drunk?" queried the young man. "My name is Bliss, what's yours?"

"Kind sir, I am the Knight of the Purple Feather, for 'tis that token Merlin gave me long ago, with which to

win my lady," replied the strange knight.

"Merlin," I cried, "that's hundreds of years ago."

"Say," demanded Bliss, "are you kidding us or are you just dumb?"

"Oh, kind sirs," quavered the knight, "why art ye angry at me? As for kidding, I knoweth not the word. You have a very queer way of speaking."

"Never mind!" I said, "it is of no importance." Then, turning to Bliss I said in an undertone, "What about taking him to the assylum? I think that is where he belongs." "Let's humor him, but get him there safely."

"Sure thing," replied Bliss, and turning to the knight asked, "What about taking a ride in the buggy?"

"What!" cried the knight, "To get into the dragon would mean death surely, except to a great magician such as you."

"Oh no," said Bliss, "I will make certain incantations and you will be safe," and he winked at me.

"Very well, if the Great Speaking One desires it, I will ride in yonder dragon after the magic is worked," the knight hesitatingly replied.

"Here goes," said Bliss:
"Mica, mica, parva stell,
Unam quaenam sis tam bella?"

This was chanted in an awe inspiring tone, "Now," he said, "You may enter the dragon without fear."

At that moment three young men came running towards us. "Hi Bill," called one, "Wait a moment, will you?" The three of us turned toward them in astonishment.

"What dost thee want, kind sirs?" began the knight.

"Oh 'can' it," said one, "The Principal asked us where you were and we had to explain that you were being initiated into our fraternity."

"Yes," said another, "He said that

you might get into trouble and to release you from your promise to impersonate a knight for twenty-four hours. When we started out to hunt for you no one knew where you were. Then we were frightened and now the whole college is looking for you."

"Hurrah," cried Bill, "now I can stop this fool game." He ran across the meadow followed by the three, leaving two dumfounded men behind him.

"Can you beat that?" exclaimed Bliss.

"I can not," said I.

A MUSICAL ROMANCE

The Pale Moon was softly shining
At the end of *A Perfect Day*
When *Sweet Annabelle Lee* went walk-
ing
On the *Road to Mandalay*.

She was *Dreaming Alone in the Twi-
light*
As she strolled *Beside the Sea*,
And her *Song of Songs* was ever
"Oh Lover Come Back to Me!"

The *Roses of Picardy* blossomed
And the *Shy Little Violet* grew
As she wandered softly singing:
"I Want To Be Loved By You."

A *Warrior Bold* came riding
Bringing *Only A Rose* so red

Coaxing, "Give Me A Little Lovin'," "Don't Be Like That," she said.

"For oh! *My Heart's in the Hielands*
E'en though that heart is so sair,
Because I am *Sad and Lonely*
Waiting for *Robin Adair*."

Robin came down from the hilltop
Singing, "I Love You Truly and so
Keep the Home Fires Burning
Hallelujah!! Yo Te Amo."

"Our Love's Old Sweet Song is begin-
ning,
Heart of Mine you always will be;
When *The Bells of St. Mary* are ring-
ing
For *Robin and Annabelle Lee*."

DORIS VAN BIBBER, 9AL-1.

EXCHANGES

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges and hope that all criticisms will be kindly taken:

"The Wampatuck," Braintree High School, Braintree, Mass.

"The Daytonian," Frank Ashley Day, Jr. High, Newtonville, Mass.

"McDonough Chatter," McDonough Girls' High, New Orleans, La.

"The Tuskegee Messenger," Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

"Jeffersonian," Jefferson Jr. High, Edgerton Park, Rochester, N. Y.

"The Georginnian," George Inness Jr. High, Montclair, N. J.

"The Allison Arrow," James Allison Intermediate School, Wichita, Kan.

"Latimer Life," Latimer Jr. High Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * * *

COMMENTS.

"The Wampatuck"—An extremely interesting and well prepared magazine. Your dedication was very appropriate and sincere.

"The Daytonian"—Your magazine is interesting and your cover very attractive. Couldn't you enlarge your Literary Department?

"McDonough Chatter"—Your magazine is good—your Literary Department a great success.

"Jeffersonian"—Your magazine is arranged very neatly and your page of poems is especially well done.

"The Tuskegee Messenger"—You have a very good News Column.

"The Georginnian"—Your magazine, as usual, is full of interest and very much alive.

"The Allison Arrow"—Your "Polly Parrot Column" is especially

"Latimer Life"—You have very amusing good poems and an interesting book review column.

We are very pleased to have so many contributors to our Exchange Column, and we shall appreciate comments on our magazine.

We are glad to print the following comments on our magazine:

"McDonough Chatter"—"You publish a very excellent magazine. Each department is well developed and interesting."

"The Georginnian"—"The stories in your paper are very good."

RUTH DAVIS.
KARIN JOHNSON.



BASKETBALL

The Central Junior High School Basketball team was organized in January under the leadership of Mr. King. The squad was made up of the following players:

Peter Clancy—Right Forward
Norman Moberg—Left Forward
Richard Neilson—Center
Robert MacArthur—Left Guard
Frank Riley—Right Guard

Dana Moberg, as center, and Robert Noyes, Francis Haynes, and Richard Brewer, as guards, also played, but they graduated in February.

Our first game was played with Quincy Point at their gym. The result was a score of 9-7 in favor of Central. Several days later, a game was played at South Junior High and the final score was 8-7 in our favor.

Our next game was with Quincy Point played in our gym. We won this game also, by a score of 15-13.

Again we played South Junior, this time, in our own gym. It was a game well worth seeing, for the score was 8-6 in Central's favor. A good crowd came from South to cheer their players but Central had them beaten.

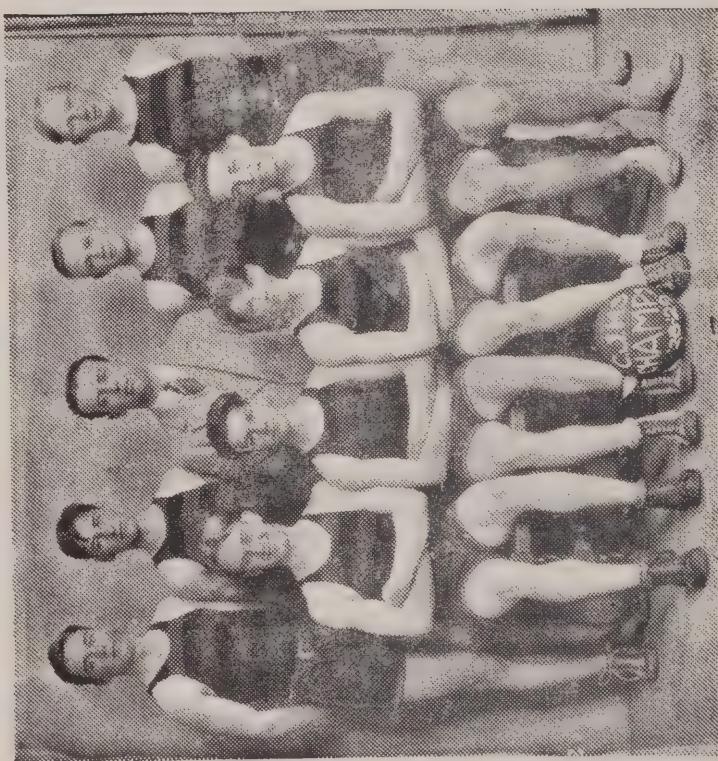
The next game played was with North at our gym. The contest was decidedly in Central's hands at the end of the first half with a score of 10-6.

The final score was 15-14, again in our favor.

The last game was played with North, in their gym. A great many supporters from Central attended and cheered on the players. It was North who made the first basket, then Central, and again North. Baskets continued to pile up in this way until the beginning of the last half when Central shot to the lead. Finally, the game came to an end with a score of 10-7 in our favor. Central had won the championship of the Junior High School League of 1929! The team, as well as the fans, were well pleased, to say the least.

In honor of their splendid record, the boys were awarded silver basketballs with their initials and "Champs," engraved on them. The presentation of the basketballs, by Mr. King, the basketball coach, took place in the Hall at a special assembly.

Miss Cole and Miss Balboni then presented the "All Star Men's Faculty Team," consisting of Messrs. King, Bowyer, Goodspeed, Silva, Fitzpatrick, Lynch, and D'Entremont, "the doctor," with "Solid Gold" basketballs. This caused great amusement among the audience which applauded vociferously.



BASKETBALL TEAM

BASEBALL

The baseball team of Central Junior High, coached by Mr. Lynch, opened the season by playing its first game with Quincy Point. It was a close contest, hard fought, and won by Central with a score of 8-7. The next game, with South, was won by South, the score being 8-0. Central's next engagement was with North Junior. Central won with a score of 3-1. Our second game with Quincy Point ended in a decided victory for Central, the score being 12-7.

Central and South were tied for the championship of the league, both schools having won three games and lost one. On Wednesday, May 29, the championship game was played, but Central was badly beaten by a score of 14-1.

The Central line-up was as follows:

Dennehy and Ellis—Catchers
Moberg and Kroesser—Pitchers
Clancy—1st Base
Ghigli—2nd Base
MacArthur—3rd Base
MacLachlan—S. S.
Ryan—L. F.
Martin—R. F.
Backman—C. F.

* * * *

GIRLS' BASEBALL

Although no school team has, as yet, been chosen, the girls of Grade 8 under Miss Publicover's coaching, and the girls of Grade 9, under Miss Welch's coaching, have responded to the call of baseball. Practice has been held every Tuesday and Thursday afternoons at

3 o'clock and the players seem to be learning the game rapidly.

* * * *

TENNIS

From April 8 to April 18 the gym was used for tennis. The boys and girls who wanted to learn the particulars of the game signed up for the gym for a particular night and Miss Welch or a pupil, familiar with the sport, gave instructions.

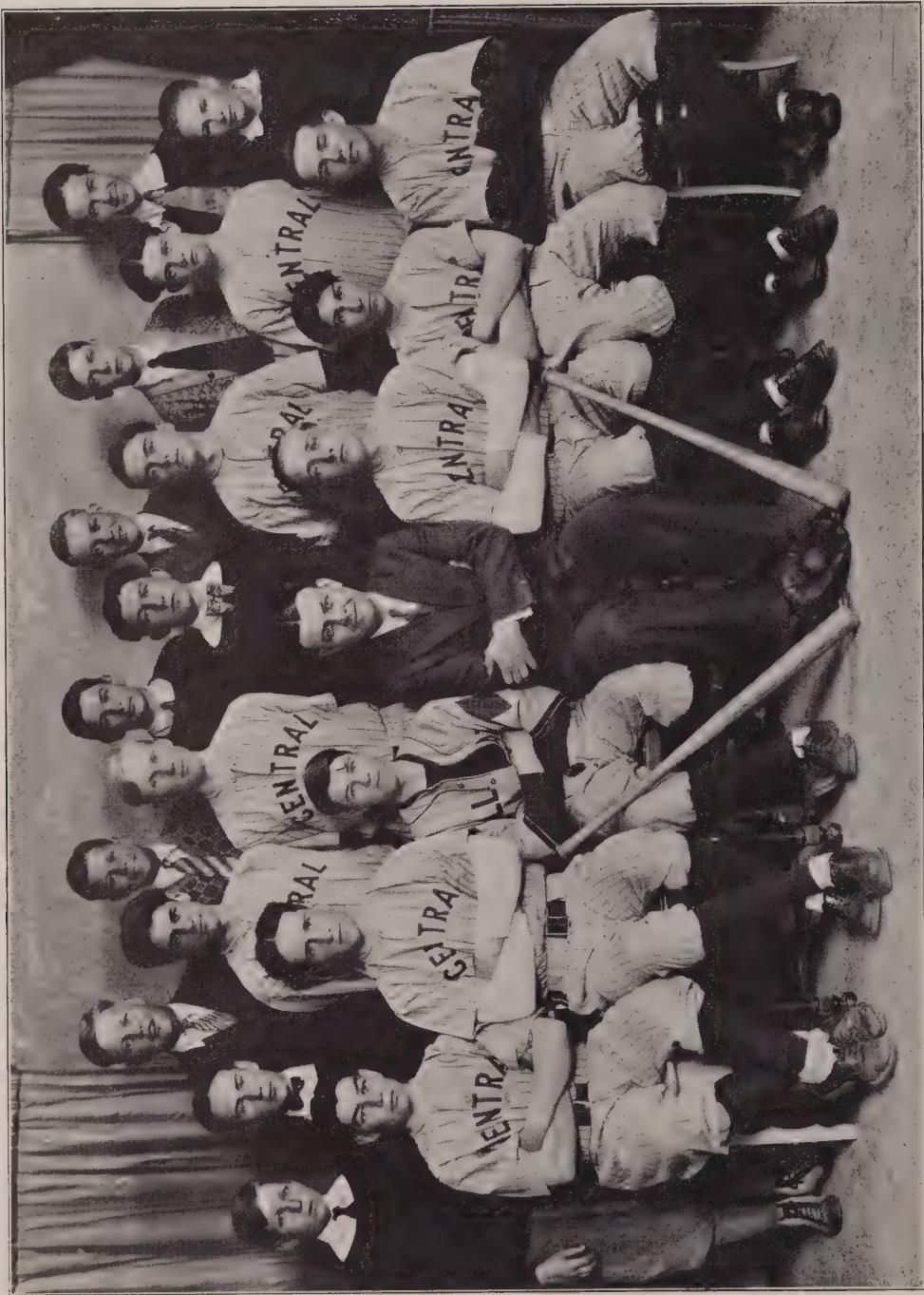
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TENNIS TOURNAMENT

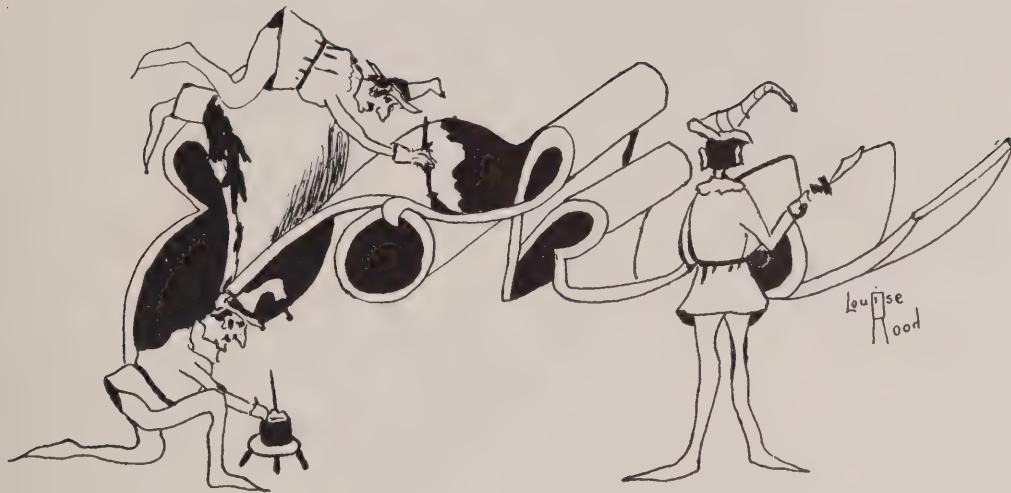
On Tuesday, June 28, 1929, "Faxon Field," a playground given to Quincy by Henry M. Faxon, was dedicated. At the official opening of the tennis courts a tournament was held for pupils attending the Senior High School and the four Junior Highs.

The two girls who represented Central were Louise Rood and Phyllis O'Brien. They played one set of doubles against the Quincy Point Junior. After a hard struggle in the hot sun they won, 6-2. They then played doubles with the South Junior High as the South had beaten North Junior, 6-2, also. The result of the doubles was 6-3 in favor of Louise and Phyllis.

In recognition of having won the Junior High School Tennis Championship, a wonderful tennis racquet and case was presented to each of our girls by Mr. Faxon and his "best girl," Mrs. Faxon.



BASEBALL TEAM
and Mr. Lynch, the Coach



Miss Turner: "How does it happen that you are late?"

Eddie H.: "There are nine in our family and the alarm clock was set for only seven."

* * * *

The notice had just come around saying that a box for jokes was in every room. After reading it, Mr. Bower commented: "I don't think the box will hold some of you boys."

* * * *

Bob Hoey: (reciting in Junior Business) "Ahem."

Miss Donovan: "Ahem, what?"

Voice from the read: "Ahem sandwich."

* * * *

Teacher: "Johnny, give a sentence using the words defense, defeat and detail."

Johnny: "The dog jumped over the defense with defeat before detail."

* * * *

Tommie's absence excuse read like this:

"Dear Teacher,

Please excuse Tommie's absence as he fell into the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige his mother."

—The Open Road

Bob M. "Comb your hair, haven't you any pride?"

Kelley: "Sure, but no comb."

* * * *

Teacher: "John, give me a sentence using the word fascinate in it."

John: "I have nine buttons on my vest and I can only fasten eight."

* * * *

Miss Cole: "What is the meaning of 'alias'?"

Anna Buckley: "A consumed name."

* * * *

Mr. Silva: "Where are the Northeastern states?"

Jack Donovan: "North of the Southeastern states."

* * * *

English Tourist: "Pardon sir, but what do you do with all that corn?"

American Farmer: "Well, we eat what we can, and what we can't we can."

Englishman's Wife: "What did he say?"

Englishman: "He said, they ate what they could, and what they couldn't, they could."

Two little boys who had been naughty all day were told by their teacher that they must stay after school and write their names five hundred times. One of them began to watch the other unhappily. "Why don't you write, Tommie?" asked the teacher. Tommie burst into tears, "'Tisn't fair!" he said between his sobs, "his last name is Lee and mine is Schluttermeyer!"

* * * *

A lady went into a store and ordered a couple pounds of chicken.

The grocer fixed the amount wanted and he suddenly realized that she might want a small pullet. Whereupon he turned around and asked, "Madam, do you want a pullet?"

The lady turned upon him and said, "No, you fool, I want to carry it."

* * * *

Mother: "Charles, what became of that money that was in your bank?"

Charles: "Well, yesterday was a rainy day so I spent it."

—Waterloo Exchange

* * * *

Neily: "Look at that airplane! Gee, I wish I could go up there in it."

Bob: "So do I, but I'd hate to be up there without it."

* * * *

"Stewy" Smith: "I have prunes every morning."

Doris Lantz: "That's nothing, I have dates every night."

* * * *

A man asked a small boy, "What do you take up in school, Sonny?"

The boy answered, "Anything that isn't nailed down."

Crowley: "What kind of watch have you got?"

Kroesser: "Wonder watch."

Crowley: "How's that?"

Kroesser: "Well, every time I look at it I wonder what time it is."

* * * *

Seventh grade boy: "Mr. King, what are those holes in the wood for?"

Mr. King: "Those are knot holes."

Seventh grade boy: "Well, if they're not holes what are they?"

* * * *

Mr. Lynch: "Matter comes in three states—what are they?"

Joe Connor: "Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island."

* * * *

Frank Brodil: "Is Kirkland a good science student?"

Lester Peterson: "I'll say he is, he's got the acids eating right out of his hand."

* * * *

Miss Sundelin (to study pupil): "Didn't I assign you a different seat from the one you are sitting in, last week?"

Carl Bohlken: "How can I tell? They all look alike."

* * * *

Miss Turner: "Didn't I tell you to come at quarter of four, instead of one o'clock?"

Eddie Hammond: "Well, isn't one, a quarter of four?"

* * * *

Miss Cole, rehearsing the "End Men's" dance for the Kappa Beta Minstrel Show: "George Tarr, put down your left foot and step on it."

OUR MOVIE AND SONG REVUE

"Hot Stuff"—The cocoa at the lunch counter.

"Seventh Heaven"—The coolness of the water on Memorial Day.

"What Price Glory"—Receiving twenty-five cents change in pennies.

"Close Harmony"—When the school cats meow.

"The Red Dance"—After father sees the report card.

"The Nervous Wreck"—Mr. D'Entremont trying to keep the Operetta ticket money straight.

"Wedding Bells"—For Miss Burke in June.

"From Sunrise to Sunset"—The way the "Staff of Granite Chips" works.

"Louise"—Our tennis champion.

"The Wild Party"—The Lunch Rush.

"Whoopee"—Herbert Crowley after school.

"I Will Always be in Love With You"—Vacation.

"Thanks for the Buggy Ride"—After a ride in the school bus.

"Laugh, Clown Laugh"—George Tarr in the Minstrel Show.

"Syncopation"—Joe and Alex in their Ballet.

"The Letter"—The Deficiency.

"Come Let Us Sing"—Miss Randall.

"Memories of France"—Mr. Lynch.

"College Memories"—Miss Woodbury.

"Watchman, Tell Us of the Night"—Mr. Hart.

"Follow Thru"—Mr. Goodspeed.

"I Faw Down and Go Boom"—Mr. Boyer at the "All Star" Baseball game.

"Watching the World Go By"—Alex Williamson.

"Then Came Dawn"—John Ryan when Miss Randall woke him in chorus.

"Comfort Ye One Another"—In Detention Room.

"Sorter Miss You"—Miss Vaughan when she goes to California.

"Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life"—Algebra.

"I'll Forget You"—Latin.

"That Precious Little Thing Called Love"—Miss Scanlon knows.

"Hit the Line for Harvard"—Oh, why, why does Miss Turner like this song?

"Fashionette"—Miss Balboni

HARRY IMMAR. 8A-L.

ROBERT MACARTHUR. 9 A-L.

* * * *

Teacher: "Which is farther away, England or the moon?"

Johnny: "England."

Teacher: "England? What makes you think so?"

Johnny: "Cause we can see the moon and we can't see England."

* * * *

Miss Lydon: "If you had two apples and there were seven boys, how would you divide it?"

Voice: "Oh, applesauce."

* * * *

Mrs. Palmer: "Gordon, it gives me great pleasure to mark you 90 per cent. on your examination."

Gordon: "Why not give yourself a real thrill and make it 100 per cent.?"

* * * *

Guide: "Look, there's Rhode Island."

Tourist: "Where?"

Guide: "Too late—we passed it!"

* * * *

A young man noticed in a store window the sign, "Iron Sinks." He went in and told the shopkeeper that he was perfectly aware that iron sinks.

The smart shopkeeper replied. "Yes, and time flies, wine vaults, sulphur springs, jam rolls, grass slopes, music stands Niagara Falls, moonlight walks,

sheep run, scandal spreads, standard weights, organ stops, trade returns, the world goes 'round'—stopping for breath he noticed that the fellow was no longer in sight.

In a few minutes the young man poked his head inside the doorway and meekly said, "Yes, and marble busts!"

* * * *

Miss Randall: "William, why do you keep repeating that measure?"

Billie Bisset: "Well, every time I get to the end of the line the two dots are still there."

* * * *

Miss Woodbury (airplane club): What is the aviator's poison?"

Voice from back row: "One drop."

* * * *

Miss Cole: "Have you done your outside reading?"

Jerry Keefe: "It's been too cold to read outside."

* * * *

TEN STANDARD EXCUSES

1. I studied the wrong lesson.
2. I didn't have time to copy it.
3. I worked all my problems and left them at home.
4. I wrote my composition in my book and then lent the book to John, and he didn't give it back to me.
5. I did them all but the last seven.
6. Someone borrowed my book.
7. I forgot to take my book home.
8. I didn't hear the assignment.
9. My mother had company last night.
10. I went to my uncle's house and forgot to take my book.

Herbert Evans: "Did you get that ad?"

Herbert Crowley: "I went there about seven times."

Miss Cole: "What did they say?"

Herbert Crowley: "Call again."

* * * *

A teacher explaining the word thief said, "Johnny, if I put my hand in your pocket and took out a dime what would I be?"

Johnny: "A magician."

* * * *

Miss Cole (at the beginning of the 8a L3 literature reading from "The Spy" to tell the class the place): "Fools"—do you find the place?"

* * * *

Miss Balboni: "Do fish grow fast?"

J. MacLachlan: "You bet, my Dad caught one and it grows six inches every time he mentions it."

* * * *

Mr. Lynch: "It's a good thing I can take a joke."

Clancy: "Why?"

Mr. Lynch: "Because there are so many going out for baseball."

* * * *

Football—Isn't it funny the way they like this game, yet they're kicking all the time.

* * * *

Baseball—They say the players are honest but they're boasting about stealing bases.

* * * *

Basketball—A peppy game for boys but all they do is stand around and make baskets.

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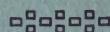
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